

ROBERT AND ADELA:

N
OR,

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN

BEST MAINTAINED BY THE

SENTIMENTS OF NATURE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

L O N D O N:

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R O B E R T
A N D

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

MISS FITZARRAN.

Oakstock Park.

AM not I very good to write when you are actually two letters in my debt? I know that you will give me no credit for this piece of condescension, but I deserve much, for we are at present involved in a vortex of rural dissipation.

It is two days since Landsford came of age, a period he has been anxiously waiting for these five or six years. Ever

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B

since

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since this joyful morning nothing has gone forward but festivity and mirth. My mother has fallen back, as to her own age, nearly as many years as my brother has acquired, if one may judge by her present activity. Even the good Mr. Hoare is gay, and seems to look on my brother with an eye of exultation, as having brought this creature, whose mind has been his constant care these last fifteen years, to entire perfection. This is what he thinks, I dare say; but I, who have a more penetrative genius, can find innumerable flaws in this grand object of his care. I wish they may never become visible to the world. This tutor of my brother's pretends to dictate to me sometimes; but I am not to be taught what I ought to do or say. I am, and will be independent. Man was not born to controul me! No! no! let them lord it over those simple females who own their power. " My bosom's
" ord

“lord sits lightly on my breast;” and so it shall do. Every one laughs at me—let them do so. My mother tells me, that she fully determined on old maidism, until my father asked her to become a wife. This, she predicts, will be my case: I hate all prediction—I never had faith in any. To laugh with, and at mankind, is what I intend. How dare any of them to dictate to me? I despise them for the mean opinion they entertain of our sex? I am ashamed of writing so long about myself; and will now enquire what you are doing so long in Ireland? How you employ your time, and when you intend to set sail for England?—I have heard a reason whispered, why Lady Fitzarran prefers the studious shade: but it is so truly ridiculous, that I pass it by amongst the idle rumours of the day.

We are, or rather my brother is, in expectation of the Count de Montfort

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from France, if the horrid brutes, who now rule that devoted land, will permit him to come over. He is very handsome, and my brother laughs so saucily at me when he talks of his elegant figure, and his accomplishments, that I hate him before he arrives. Do come over and help me to manage Landsford. He promises to be very tractable to you, but he is determined to dance at my wedding. I shall not stay amongst them if they teize me. My grandmother, I thank her for it most heartily, has put it in my power to please myself, by placing twenty thousand pounds in my own power, which was the only good act I ever heard that she did. She could not bear my mother, because she married my father; against whom, she conceived a disgust, on account of some personal slight, real or fancied; she never would permit any of the family to visit her but me, and this honor was obtained because she was informed

formed that I was very proud, that I maintained the rights of women, and would not bear control. I made her a visit which lasted for the last six years of her life. She it was who informed me, that my mind was as independent as that lordly animal man's: and that it was my own fault if ever I submitted to his authority.

I hope that your mother entertains no serious intention of passing the winter in Ireland. I assure you, that your brother Edward told me such a scheme was in contemplation. If it is so, I suspect that formal Mr. Harrowby is the cause of it; this must be one of his prudential schemes. I cannot think why this man is such an oracle amongst you all. What great wonders has he performed, I pray? Sabina has just lost her husband, he is gone to join the army on the continent; she is coming hither to be amused—she is one of your submissive ladies: amongst

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these will never be numbered your friend,

SUSAN SPENCER.

THE COUNTESS OF ALDBOROUGH

TO

MRS. EVELYN.

DEAR MADAM,

Oakstock Park.

I HAVE long delayed writing to you, in the hope that a very short time would render that unnecessary. I am now detained at Oakstock for some time, owing to some arrangements necessary to be made on my son Landsford's attaining the age of twenty-one. I cannot express to you, my good and early friend, how pleased I am that this period is arrived, or how grateful I am to Mr. Hoare for his unremitted care and attention to the Earl during his minority. He has often spoken to me on the

the subject of quitting the family. This I am sorry to hear of, as Landsford has a very sincere regard for him ; and as his presence might still keep alive those good and just sentiments inculcated in his youth. Mr. Hoare is no restraint upon the pleasures of my son ; he is rather a promoter of them. It is not his opinion, that young men of rank, or indeed in any station in life, should be restrained from amusements. Only let these be pointed out by some judicious person who may direct them to such pursuits as lead not to vicious habits. Those who have the care of young persons, who are the hope of great and noble families, should be careful to lead them on, so as that even, in their sport, some general knowledge may be attained. This has been ever the object of Mr. Hoare, who has gained my entire friendship by the judicious conduct he has observed towards our family ; he has not, like most

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other gentlemen who undertake the task of tutors, considered that if he attended to Landsford's studies it was sufficient: for he has taken an interest in the concerns of the family; not impertinently, but where he saw I might need, or was anxious to gain information. I have given him now a very important commission; to observe my son well, in the visits they make together, and to see if he has any partiality towards any particular family: if he observes him, as yet, indifferent to all, to endeavour to find some elegant and accomplished female amongst the numerous circle I visit, and to lead Landsford most frequently to the house in which she resides. When he is fixed, I shall be happy: as then I shall be at liberty to form my own plan as to the younger children. Lady Susan, I fear, will give me much trouble, as her grandmother has given her mind a most ridiculous mode
of

of thinking, and she is very obstinate. She is determined never to marry; this, she says, cannot be of any concern to me, as her grandmother, who inspired her with the whim, has given her sufficient to support it. This is very true, but I do not like to see any woman make singularity her aim. She places herself, by such conduct, on an eminence, from which, if she descends, she renders herself ridiculous. I am writing to you, my friend, all my family concerns, because I know the goodness of your heart will excuse the anxiety of a mother. I recollect, that when your family were setting out in life, you honoured me with a consultation. I most sincerely congratulate you on the success of your endeavours. Your son, I hear, goes on very well in Bengal, and has a very large and amiable family. Mrs. Middleton is at Middleton-Hall, I hear, enjoying what her good and amiable qualities must ever

ensure ; the respect and admiration of all around her. Don't you propose to leave Bath this winter for a few months ? You would infinitely oblige me by such a determination. Indeed, my friend, I am almost sick of the parade and constant routine of unmeaning visits ; and could like to retire, with a few friends, from all the parade and pomp of the world, into some remote corner, and live for myself the remainder of my days. I think Bath, the place you have chosen, very agreeable for one of your chearful disposition ; especially as you live a great part of the year alone. If you don't come to town this winter, I shall perhaps make a trip for a few weeks to Bath. I am not quite satisfied with myself ; there are some points on which I wish to consult you : I have no other friend in whom I would wish to confide ; you have been, from infancy, my oracle, and must continue so, until the grave, that common
enemy

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enemy to society, divides us. That period, I trust, is yet far distant from us both, in which hope,

I subscribe myself,

Your's truly,

CAROLINE ALDBOROUGH.

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

THE COUNT DE MONTFORT,

Oakstock Park.

I AM in hopes, before this letter arrives in the land of anarchy, you will have escaped from it to this happy island of regulated liberty: for so it is, whatever men may preach against it. From the abuses which, in the course of years have crept into all states, Britain is not

B. 6

exempt:

exempt : but I cannot conceive, because a few repairs are necessary, that the building is to be razed to the ground. However, I do not intend to commence politician for at least these twenty years to come. I was launched last Monday ; I believe I must explain myself a little, or you may not understand me. Know then, that when I attained the much to be desired age of twenty-one, on the above-mentioned day, to the infinite happiness of myself and about two thousand people, who assembled in the Park, at an early hour, to celebrate this happy æra. I do assure you, Montfort, the most pleasant sensation I experienced on this festive day was, to observe the heart-felt satisfaction expressed in the benignant countenance of Mr. Hoare. When we met in the breakfast room, he gave me his hand, and assured me, any trouble he might have had was infinitely overpaid by the joy of the present moment.

moment. To say the truth, I fear he has had much trouble; for I am sure his patience must have been often tried; mine would not have held out I am certain. However, I must endeavour to make up to him, in friendship, what I am in his debt on the score of patience. Pray haste hither the instant you land, I shall not fully enjoy my liberty until your arrival; not that I ever was under any great restraint, and I am persuaded that I shall find that there was more in the word than in the reality. I have got a prude of a sister who declares against matrimony; she has twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal, Montfort; excuse me, for this remark, my friend, I only mean that the ladies of our days are a little expensive, and a purse in their hands, to supply themselves, saves us a world of trouble. Come and humble this proud beauty; for a beauty she really is, which you might doubt, when you hear

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hear she is the sister of your friend Landsford. She has the impertinence to doubt the supremacy of man: come and assert our rights, I pray you; I need not say how happy it would make me to unite the ties of affinity to those of friendship. I am very much busied with my steward, and Mr. Hoare, who lends his assistance towards settling the numerous concerns that surround me, and only leave me time to sign myself,

Yours,

LANDSFORD.

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE

TO

MISS MILLER.

Somerville Lodge.

I AM just escaped, my friend, from what is called society, to enjoy my own thoughts, and follow my inclination that
points

points to you. Yesterday morning the dreaded hour of separation came, and my dear William left me to join the army on the Continent. Think, my Anna, what must be the feelings of a wife at such a moment. How many weeks has my husband been preparing me for this dreaded event ! I thought he had inspired me with all the courage and heroism of a Roman matron, and that I could have placed the helmet on his head, and have seen him march to meet the foe with firm composure. But, Oh ! how weak is reason when opposed to affection ! The very order for the chaise to come round to the door, shook my frame more than it is possible the sight of our enemies can those of the greatest coward that ever faced them. William reproached me with forfeiting my word ; he had proposed leaving me at break of day without taking leave, and to this I had consented. But I entreated permission
to

to make his breakfast, and see him depart, under a promise of being composed. Just before he stepped into his chaise, General and Mrs. Harcourt came in. William had sent the evening before, unknown to me, to say his intention was to leave me early, and that he would thank them to breakfast with me. What! said the General, a soldier detained by a whimpering girl? Take care, or I shall bring you before a court martial. Mrs. Harcourt has made my breakfast in sight of the enemy's camp, whilst my soldiers have only waited my mounting my horse to attack them. Haven't you, my dear? Aye, and seen me carried back on the men's shoulders to my tent before dinner time. Come, come General, said William, the breakfast is enough for Sabina this morning; I will tell her the story of the battle when I return. La Farr came in, and said all was ready. The poor fellow cast a look at me full of

of sensibility and kindness. I went up to him, and gave him a couple of guineas, telling him, I trusted to his care of his master should he want it; and also, that he would not fail to give me intelligence should he need my attendance. The good fellow assured me, that he would be attentive to my commands, and that he was sure that they should return both well and victorious; for La Farr is a violent royalist. Whilst I had been giving my orders, William had, by the contrivance, and, I dare say, suggestion of the General, stolen into his chaise, and was nearly half way down the Park when I returned. His head was out at the window: the moment I saw this, I attempted to follow the carriage, but was seized by Mrs. Harcourt, and also by the General, who detained me by force until a turn in the road hid the chaise from my sight. I sunk
in

in my chair overwhelmed with grief: I really believe I never hated any one so cordially, as at that moment, I did these two worthy people who had come purposely to console me. The General laughed at me, and said it was well my brother was not here to witness my endeavours to seduce a soldier from his duty. All they could say did not remove my uneasiness; although they said and did every thing possible. My husband was gone to face danger in a thousand shapes, and my mind was not to be amused by hearing how others had acted in similar situations. I received a note from William, which he wrote from the post town, whilst he changed horses, and which had more effect to calm my spirits than all the powers of eloquence could have had from any one else.

This.

This cordial was delivered to me, just as I was fitting down to dinner, by Mrs. Harcourt. The General declared he had a good opinion of William before this; but now, he was convinced, he would never make a good foldier. That his camp must be in St. James's Park; and that he might fit in some coffee-house and write sonnets in praise of his wife. I was obliged to support the character of my husband, and assured him, "that an unfeeling heart had never been the characteristic of an English foldier." "Never mind him," said Mrs. Harcourt; "I'll tell you this, that he sent twice from the field of battle to enquire after me when I lay ill of a fever; so you see how much faith is to be put in his words." This turned the laugh on him, and he was obliged to acknowledge that what she said was true, but that he sent in order to know if he could depend on a nurse in case of accidents.

cidents. After dinner an inundation of visitors arrived, to keep up my spirits, as they termed it: in my opinion, it was to lower them. My sister Susan came also, and advised me to try my music, or a little coquetry; she was certain that either of these would greatly assist in the recovery of her spirits on such an occasion. I told her, "that she was not yet a wife; when she was, she would utter no such sentiment." "Nos, thank heaven!" said she; "I am not ranked amongst the herd of females who consent voluntarily to slavery: to tamely sit down and own a master.—Oh, the horrid idea!" Every one kindly tried their power to amuse me, but I was travelling by the side of my husband, although in my drawing-room. Never did I find myself more relieved than when I heard the last carriage drive from the door. I retired to my dressing-room, where I sat down, and a flood of tears relieved

relieved me more than all the company. On going to the glass, judge what an agreeable surprize I met with, when I found it turned the wrong way, and instead of the glass, the wooden back towards me; over which hung the picture of my William—an exact likeness. Was not this good of him?—I ordered my supper in my little library, and took the picture for a companion, the only one I could have borne in the present state of my mind. The wind is fair I hear, and it is likely the troops will re-embark this day: would they were on their return!—I can speak of nothing but self; so it is better to conclude this dull epistle. I intend to spend a few days at Oakstock with my mother. Landsford's taking possession there has occasioned much festivity in the country: I greatly want something to enliven me. I wish my brother would marry; I should be very difficult in the choice
of

a wife for him : he has so many good qualities that I should not know how to trust any female, amongst the circle of my acquaintance, with his future happiness. He will not consult me, I dare say, when he makes his choice. Adieu, my dear Anna,

Yours,

SABINA SOMERVILLE.

MISS FITZARRAN

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

The Black Rock.

I ACKNOWLEDGE your kindness in writing. I have to plead, in excuse for my negligence in answering yours, the illness of my mother. This absolves me from all infidelity on the score of friendship, as the claims of duty are certainly

tainly the first to be observed. My mother is greatly recovered, and I hope a few weeks will restore her to her usual health and spirits: I assure you I have been greatly pained for some time past, by observing this best of women labouring under an unusual oppression. This, I hope, was occasioned by the malady from which she is just recovering, and not from any secret uneasiness, as has been hinted at by some of my friends. Yet their friendship extended not so far as to give me the least clue to the nature of the sorrow which, they said, it was evident she laboured under. It is impossible that my mother can have any trouble that does not originate in her family: and I am proud to say, that there is not one of her children who would not lose their own existence to promote her happiness. She has been writing all this morning to her old friend Mrs. Mortimer, and I have seized that opportunity

tunity to write to you. You ask when we intend setting sail for England; I really cannot answer this question, but beg you will do so by one I am going to ask. What do you mean when you say, "I have heard it whispered why Lady Fitzarran prefers the studious shade; but it is so ridiculous that I pass it by among the idle rumours of the day." Now pray inform me what this ridiculous report is? for I am truly concerned to hear that any one can attach any thing that is capable of being construed into ridicule, to my mother, and should rejoice to have it cleared up; for so it will be instantly when it is explained. She is in possession of every quality that can adorn and exalt the female character: In my opinion, she arrives as near perfection as our natures can admit of in this state of our existence. You must excuse me for saying this much as I adore my mother, and cannot bear to find

find, that the breath of illnature should blow upon her. It is to your friendship I apply, and from you expect an answer to my question, not couched in ambiguity, but in fair and open language; tell me at what the world points. Indeed, Susan, I am now to give an instance of sincerity to you; you had better give up this notion of your's, or rather of your grand-mother's, for you say, you imbibed it from her; you would have been happier, in my opinion, had she kept her twenty thousand pounds to herself, and have let you remained with your sister Sabina, who, I conceive, to be a most amiable character, although she has lost her freedom, and submitted to slavery, as you call it. You invite me to assist you to manage Landsford: surely, as you renounce the rest of the male sex, to manage one man, and that man your brother, can be no trouble to you. This poor Count, you expect, I hope,

will have disposed of his heart before he arrives at Oakstock, or heaven help him, as your's is incased in a marble vase. I wish you had been horridly ugly, as this would have saved you a world of trouble, and you might have got half a dozen cats, and as many dogs, in some old antiquated mansion, and there have resided, invested with all the honours and privileges of old maidism : as this is not the case, I have a wicked pleasure in contemplating this proud beauty fighting in secret ; for you never dare to own a partiality. Some dear male coquet, and many thanks to the present day for presenting us with so many of them, will so tease your little stubborn heart, that you will do just as a great many other asserters of the female rights have done before you—marry and dwindle into a very wife. When that delightful period arrives, may you sustain that respectable character equal to some females of the

the

the present day, of which the throne exhibits so unexceptionable an example: even the splendor of high rank, eclipsed by the maternal and domestic virtues. Doubtless I shall become tiresome, when endeavouring to explode your arbitrary system. Make my best respects to your mother and Lady Sabina; tell her I sympathise in her present distresses, and wish we were in England, in order to beguile the tedious hours of absence.

Your's,

FRANCES FITZARRAN.

THE COUNT DE MONTFORT

TO THE

EARL OF LANDSFORD.

MY FRIEND,

I AM at length landed on your happy shore, a miserable fugitive, far from my native soil ; the land in which my forefathers flourished, the father and friend of a happy tenantry, and the supporters of the oppressed. You are well acquainted with their fame in arms : now is their miserable descendant driven to solicit shelter in a foreign land, without one cheering hope, except that of the possession of the friendship of Landsford, and that of the Duke de B***. I think I hear you exclaim, how can you count yourself miserable in possession of two friends, when one is hardly ever the lot of man ! I will allow that
this

this thought often dissipates very many melancholy reflections. It is true, through the happy foresight of my father, who had been well schooled in the mazes of politics, and foresaw the approaching storm, I am secure from absolute misery. He having placed what secures my independance in your funds, by the means of Mr. B****, our banker in Paris. This, I assure you, shed a ray of cheerfulness even over his dying moments. The hours were approaching fast he said, when France would no longer own me as one of her sons. "Fly then," said he, "till the rage of fanaticism and folly are abated, to Britain; claim protection of a generous people, whose hand is ever open to the unfortunate, and where the rights of the sovereign are founded on the liberties of the subject. I have some friends there, who will, with pleasure, do the honours of the country to the son of Montfort.

He mentioned your family—you remember how often we have sat, I will not say with your poet, “nothing loth,” to hear him tell of the campaigns my grandfather had served in the wars in Germany, opposed to your illustrious ancestor. Here then, I am come, if possible, to tranquillize my mind, and to forget the friends I have lost, or from whom I am separated. I have frequently wished to visit England, as I have ever admired the manners of such of the English as I have seen in France; considering them to be more calculated for friendship than we are. I am called too grave in Paris. I never had a turn for mirth. The mind must be vacant that can be amused with trifles. You invite me to enter the list for the prize of your sister’s heart. You say she is a prude; I like that character better than that of a coquet; and I am pleased to hear that she has declared war against our sex: to make an impression on the
mind

mind of such a woman, would be my pride; not to assert the supremacy of man as you invite me; but to convince her that we only aim at equal sway. I will see this proud beauty on Monday next, as I propose staying in London only two days, in order to transact a little business, and then fly down to Oakstock as fast as a chaise and four can bring me. I do not mean to see any one until we return to town together, as I am a very awkward fellow at introducing myself; although a Frenchman is said to be perfectly easy on those occasions.

Adieu,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

LADY FITZARRAN

TO

MRS. MORTIMER.

I HAVE been long confined with a slight nervous fever, which has, I hope, at length left me. I think I have determined to remain in Ireland this winter; but I am not perfectly sure—I alter my mind so often, that the next post may inform you that I shall meet you in Welbeck-street in a few days. You are doubtless surprized at my changeable disposition, as that I know has never been my character; but, my friend, we are not the same at every period of our lives, but alter as we advance in life. The world opens to our view, and exhibits so many follies and inconsistencies, that it is impossible but our reason must be convinced of many absurd prejudices imbibed

imbibed in our youth. The high pride of families I begin to think somewhat absurd, having witnessed so many virtues, and such a fund of genius in the inferior orders of society; that, in my opinion, more than make up for the mere adventitious circumstance of our birth. Superior intellect surely is more than equal to any title that is dependant on the breath of kings. The man is exalted by his Maker, and holds his rank in society before every hereditary honour.

Surely it is more honourable to be dignified by our own actions, than to lean upon the authority of our ancestors, and so to live as to be a fountain of nobility and an example of virtue to our descendants. If the world is to govern all our actions, then we live the sport of that world, and not for ourselves. I have often spoken on this subject to your old acquaintance Harrowby, my son's tutor

and friend; but I cannot get him to agree with me. He thinks that we should always comply with the prevailing system, to deviate may incur censure, which every female should studiously avoid. I am not sure if this is his own opinion. If I was sure that it was, I should expect mine to be wrong. I am greatly concerned that this amiable man talks of leaving us soon, as some of the most agreeable hours of my life have been spent in his society, and that I myself have been instructed, at the same time that my children have received every advantage from his strict attention and judicious management of them. My son, Fitzarran, reveres him as a father: he has treated him with the liberality he deserves; he yesterday assured me that he should quit us with regret, but that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave us in order to settle some little concerns of his own. This, added to some
other

other unpleasant circumstances, determines me to stay here for some time. The management of my family, which will now entirely devolve on myself, will take up all my time; though, to say the truth, this will give me as little trouble as possible; they having been bred with such a proper notion of what is just and right by Mr. Harrowby. To undertake the task, however, affects my spirits greatly.

I hear that the family of Aldborough are at Oakstock, and the young Earl with them. Frances keeps up a regular correspondence with Lady Susan. She is a strange young woman—I am happy she is not a daughter of mine.—She is certainly possessed of a beautiful person, and much good sense, which has been horridly perverted by that queer old lady she is heir to.

Landsford will, perhaps, be for taking a wife—he is a very amiable young man ; I should wish his choice to fall on any of my daughters : but there is no directing the heart in those matters ; and it is cruel to attempt it. I should wish my children to choose for themselves a partner where permanent happiness was their aim, rather than riches or honours, which are so inconstant, and so unsatisfactory, even when stationary.—I do not ask you after the news of the day, as I know events succeed each other so rapidly that it would be a task for you to record them. I am tired of all the unmeaning pomp of the world, and could wish that you and I, and a few other friends that I could very easily select, were the inhabitants of some romantic, pleasant spot, and were to live and die without ever mixing in society beyond our little party.—Dublin is very quiet, as most families I know have taken their
departure

departure for England. I do not positively say, I shall not make one amongst you. Frances is quite indifferent, and is pleased to say, my wishes are hers. Adieu, my dear Eliza,

Your's,

LOUISA FITZARRAN.

MISS MILLER

TO

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE.

I HAVE deferred writing for some days, as you proposed a visit to Oakstock; and I now judge you have made it, and are either returned or on the point of returning. I hope you have received an account of your husband's safe arrival
on

on the continent, and are reconciled to his absence; or at least that you have resolved to act the heroine. This is not your character I must allow; but more firmness will be expected from you in the character of the wife, than there was in that of the maiden. You have little to apprehend, as I hear Mr. Somerville is not placed in a post of any danger, and will return home in a few months.

I saw Mrs. Harcourt yesterday; she gives but a bad account of your first day after Mr. Somerville's departure. She says, you are but a young soldier's wife, and want seasoning to the service: of which, by the bye, she herself has a sufficient share. She always puts me in mind of an old general officer dressed in women's cloaths; for having followed the camp so many times, she has assumed a gait and voice truly *a-la-militaire*; and

and I do think, with a sword by her side, she would be a formidable enemy. She would do well to bring up young men to the service, as no drill sergeant of them all could teach the exercise better, or give the word of command in a more military or authoritative tone. She is blessed by nature with a pair of whiskers, which would *become* a Prussian trooper. Yet, notwithstanding that she is certainly too masculine, she is a most friendly and amiable woman.—I would give a great deal for her flow of spirits.

I believe you will not see Miss Fitzarran in town this winter; her mother having determined on remaining in Ireland. She is learning an old song that you must remember, running thus,

“ Though prudence may press me,

“ And duty distress me, against inclination

“ Ah what can I do, &c.

Until

Until she has determined this point, she does not propose to quit Ireland. That old ladies should act imprudently is surprising, but so it seems likely to turn out. Gratitude takes very strong hold upon some people.

I have an invitation to spend the Winter in Dublin with Lady Frances; which, I believe, I shall accept, just to take a view of that delightful country of blunders. I shall expect, if I go, that you will be a very punctual correspondent, and inform me what is going on, on this side of the water; whilst I will give you some account of the Irish beauties. Apropos of beauty—I hear that you have got a perfect Adonis in the shape of a Frenchman at Oakstock.—Will lady Susan still maintain her dignity? Tell her there are numerous conjectures hazarded with regard to her. The Earl sent me no
com-

compliments when Lady Susan wrote last—I shall punish him, and quit England without one last farewell to his Lordship. I always determinè, when I begin to write, to end my letter at the bottom of the first side of my paper; but when writing to you, I frequently exceed my quantity.

Your's,

ANNE MILLER.

THE COUNT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUKE OF B****.

Oakstock Park.

EVERY object that presented itself on my journey from Paris, until I reached the confines of France, and bade adieu

to

to my native country, reminded me of you. We have frequently passed the same road in each others company; and now, what had formerly constituted my happiness, became a source of sincere grief.

The days we have passed together are fled like a dream, and I fear that the comparison will hold still farther, for like a dream they will never return. We have learnt to think together, and I am greatly indebted to you for the communications of an enlightened understanding. You did give me a promise at parting, or I am much mistaken, that it was possible you might visit England. Come, then, my friend, and join Landsford and myself, and then I shall have no wish ungratified, except for the restoration of peace to my distracted country. You have seen the Ladies of Britain, therefore I need not describe their charms.

But

But B****, you have never seen Lady Susan Spencer—all the charms of her sex are united in her person. There is a natural dignity about her, that fascinates at first sight.

From this eulogium you will pronounce me a lover; but I will not allow it, as I am not one of those who are caught by mere externals. My reason must be convinced—I must esteem before I can love; and I have not yet been twenty-four hours in the family of Aldborough. That time has been spent mostly in the company of Landsford; the Ladies having gone from home, when I arrived, to meet Lady Sabina Somerville, a married daughter of the family. Landsford waited at home to receive me, which he did in a most kind and friendly manner. It was the first time I had heard the voice of friendship since we parted. We talked of

you,

you, and wished you could make a trio. —I arrived about five on Monday, just in time to dress for dinner. This Landsford said he would not have suffered me to do, but as he wished me to do execution before supper, I might put on all my graces *a la-Paris*.

This gave me but a bad opinion of his sister; for, if I am to be indebted to a coat for her heart, my taylor has as good a chance as myself. Therefore I dressed in compliment to the family; not to please myself.

About half past nine the carriages drove to the door. I and Landsford went out to receive the Ladies. I gave my hand first to the Countess, whom I led into the hall. She welcomed me to Oakstock with much politeness, in a most unaffected manner. Next came Landsford

ford leading in Lady Sabina Somerville. She has one of the most interesting female countenances I ever beheld.—Next came Lady Susan Spencer, in all the pride of conscious beauty. Landsford introduced her next.—She hardly deigned me a curtsy—but, humming a tune, crossed the room, ordering her woman to her dressing-room. “Surely, Susan,” said Landsford, “you are not going to dress at this late hour. My friend Montfort has brought compliments from half a score of your Parisian friends.”—“Surely, sir;” said she, “if it had pleased myself, I might dress in order to receive them in form.—But if it is necessary to tell you why I rang for Wilmot, it was to”—“Nay,” said he, “I shall not hear you, as I am an impertinent fellow; and beg your pardon.” Upon which she left the room finishing her song.

The

The Countess and Lady Sabina entered into chat with me on the affairs of our native country. The latter was most anxious in her enquiries after news, and if I had heard any thing relative to the position of the different armies. I found this curiosity proceeded from the circumstance of a beloved husband being engaged in the contest. She expressed so much sensibility, that I would have given the world I had been the object in whom she was so much interested. I wonder what has given Lady Susan so great an aversion to our sex; Perhaps she has been unlucky in the object of her first affections: but I think, Landsford hinted something about her having taken her strange notions from a female relation. I wish this may be the case. If her mind be but as beautiful as her person, I shall exclaim, with that divine bard, Shakespeare, "she is alone the Arabian bird, &c." I wish Landsford
had

had said nothing about me to her. Oakstock, I dare say you saw, when you travelled in England: though I think I never heard you mention it. 'Tis a proud and magnificent altar raised by a liberal nation to gratitude. I have hardly seen farther than the house: and indeed not all of that except a superficial view. The Ladies have promised to drive me round the park, which is very extensive, this morning. Landsford has half promised me a seat in Lady Susan's cabriole. At breakfast I grew more pleased with her: we had much conversation, and she displayed an excellent understanding. She has promised to give me the character of all the visitors whilst I stay here.—A summons from Landsford.

Adieu, my dear B***, think frequently of your friend,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

48 ROBERT AND ADELA.

THE DUKE DE B***.

TO THE
COUNT DE MONTFORT.

Lausanne.

YOU see, Robert, I have removed a well as yourself. I did not communicate my design to you, because I well knew that your friendship would lead your active mind into an hundred conjectures as to my safety. The accomplishment of your own scheme was sufficient; and mine was but in embryo. Had you staid, I should have still loitered on the banks of the Seine. I, however, sincerely congratulate you on your arrival in England, as you will in having escaped tyranny and injustice in devoted France. Return to Paris we never shall: for if we return to the spot so called, it will not be the same. It will be

like repairing to the grave of a beloved friend : it will open every wound afresh, and serve to render the void more visible. This is a subject on which I dare not dwell : it is pregnant with horrors too terrific. Can you conceive Montfort? Yes, you can I am sure, the joy of my mother, when my carriage drove to her hotel. She was unable to speak for some moments : at length she exclaimed, “ Now France I forgive you all my injuries.” Shall I present myself to you a vain self-opiniated coxcomb? I will, for I must tell you in the pride of my heart, that I saw your sister turn pale, nay I felt her hand tremble when she held it out to me. Montfort it was the second time since we parted that I had felt a dawn of happiness, and I hail it as conspicuous to our future hopes. I am in fear for you Robert : be cautious, you are in a most dangerous situation, you are sitting down with a full determi-

nation to admire a woman, who, I think is by character both a prude and a coquet. I know your mind and am certain an attachment is not lightly thrown off by you. Consider! weigh well what you are going to enter into, e'er you allow your mind to dwell on a beautiful face or person and to depend on that solely for happiness. We have often laughed, and that most heartily, at those young men who have been enraptured, and sworn slaves to a woman, to whom they have perhaps never spoken, only because she has had a black eye, or an aquiline nose. Do not let the laugh be turned on you, for I think by your own acknowledgement you have scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with this beauty. Has she a *mind* Robert?—you say I have never seen Lady Susan Spencer: that is very true, but if I had I should not prefer her, I am certain to a number of English beauties that I have
seen.

seen. It is not the *proud* and *haughty*, for that is the characteristic of a British female ; it is the timid, delicate, retiring beauty who steals your heart imperceptibly, rather than she who demands it as a just tribute. However, I shall depend on the good sense I know you to possess—I wish to see you happy, Montfort. Adela desires me to say, that she is as happy as a separation from you will admit of, and that she will write to you very soon. My mother is truly careful of this treasure you have entrusted to her. I am grateful for Lord Landsford's desire to see me in England ; and perhaps may come over at some more distant period. At present I can hardly determine what to do ; circumstances must determine for me. I think it is said that Brutus thought it enough, that those who go into banishment, cannot be hindered from carrying their virtue along

with them; therefore, let that be our consolation in this our voluntary exile.

Yours,



DE B***.

COLONEL SOMERVILLE

TO

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE.

Aix la Chapelle.

I KNOW that you have, ere this, pardoned me for leaving you without exchanging a formal farewell. I cannot conceive it at all necessary, when friends are about to separate, that their sensibility should be wound up to a pitch hardly supportable. This I have witnessed frequently, when the parties were only going to separate for a visit of
a few

a few weeks, which is truly ridiculous. But, when those, whose affections are interwoven by the nicest links, are about to part, it should be managed so as to give the least pain. Such I conceive, my Sabina, to be our case: and I endeavoured, at no small expence of feeling, to bring your mind to such a temperature as would best bear our separation. I must not relate my own sensations at the dreaded moment, lest you should betray me to Mrs. Harcourt; who, of course, would relate my folly to her husband. Remember, it is not I that give so harsh a name as folly to those feelings which it is, and ever will be my pride to cherish towards you. I am well convinced, had every man as good a wife as I am in possession of, few, very few, would be the separations and divorces which so frequently now disgrace our country. Nor by this would I be supposed to mean that all faults originate in

our females. Avarice and ambition have their share in the blame : parents are more anxious for aggrandizement than happiness for their children. How much domestic comfort, my Sabina, might have been destroyed, had your amiable mother, regardless of the pleadings of the heart, compelled you to relinquish me, whose possessions could never have been held in competition with what the grand-daughter of the renowned Earl of Aldborough, might reasonably expect? By a separation, we should have both been rendered miserable ; and, if ever we had married, might have laid a foundation for discord in two families ; which, otherwise would have been virtuous and happy. You will see, I am in a moralizing strain.—I am so ; and this is occasioned by my having witnessed, just what I have been describing, in my friend Maynard ; who, I do believe, as well as lady Jane, is undeserving of his fate.

fate. Their tale is too long now to relate; it will serve to amuse you some other time. A soldier's life, in camp, admits of very few anecdotes; therefore I must husband them. Indeed, in one sense, I may not be speaking strictly true; but I mean anecdotes that might be interesting to a lady. I trust that you have got rid of your fears for my safety, as my appointment is such as precludes any possibility of danger; the nature of which General Harcourt will explain to you, as my paper must not be used to so bad a purpose. I hope that you found my representative an agreeable companion at your toilette, and not so troublesome as I generally am when I have the honor of being admitted. You must not look too often at your glass in my absence—when you find any leisure take your pen, and so converse with me—I will appropriate all my idle time to you, so shall we both be employed

in what we most like. Some lovers, I think, whose names I have forgotten, consoled themselves in absence, by looking at some particular star each night, at the same moment. Surely, to convey each others sentiments at the same moment, is a refinement on their system. Let us then adopt it, and write every evening from six until seven. You see I have chosen those hours when you may be disengaged, at least when you can disengage yourself most easily. Do you yet persist in your resolution of not visiting out of your own family during my absence? You surely must receive visits, or you will offend your friends; and when I return I shall find you entirely banished from society, which you were purposely made to adorn: Have you been to Oakstock yet? I gave a dinner to a party of friends the day Landsford came of age—you was toasted as well as Lady Susan. The glass went round untill a
very

very late hour ; and, I will only tell you that my head ached the next day horribly : this is the only folly I have committed since we parted. You will forgive this, as it was a libation to friendship. Often has Landsford kept up my spirits before we were married ; when I have expressed my fears that the Countess would despise me for pretending to an alliance with your family. “ Somerville !” said he, “ you shall have her ; I love my sister, and am convinced you will make her happy.” Then in his sprightly humour he would promise to assist me in carrying you off to Scotland, if the Countess refused. She rendered such a step needless by her consent. Indeed I should have feared to have proposed an elopement, as I have heard you exclaim against such females as have adopted that measure. I think separation has rendered my mind feminine ; therefore I must conclude, lest you despise me, which

would be to me, the worst of ills. Adieu, Sabina : write to me, as often as you can spare time. I will absolve you on a second thought from daily correspondence : there appears to me something of constraint in it, which is not pleasing to your affectionate

W. SOMERVILLE.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

TO

MISS FITZARRAN.

Oakstock Park.

When you began your last, I was at a loss to guess whether you and the rector of your parish had not been writing at the same desk ; whether the good man had

not

not been composing a discourse for the next Sunday, and that you had mistaken the paper and sent his sermon to me. At length I found my error, and that you meant an eulogy on your mother's virtues, which doubtless she deserves. My mother is also deserving of having her praises celebrated, but my pen is unequal to the task, and so I leave it to abler hands. As to your request to be informed what the "cenforious vulgar" say, or what Madam Report says, and of which you request so seriously to be informed, in plain and intelligible language: thus it runs—they do say that a certain tutor in a certain family now resident in Dublin, has by spells and divers incantations, possessed himself entirely of the heart of a certain Dowager Lady; that her affection and her pride are at war; but that pride will give way, and that then, Miss Fitzarran and all the younger branches of the family

60 ROBERT AND ADELA.

mily will be taught Greek and Latin *gratis*. No servants are to be admitted into the family, but such as are perfectly versed in the dead languages. When this happy event takes place, I shall not be allowed to correspond with you, as you will be taken up with the new relations, that this union will bring along with it. Lord George Seymour says, that there is to be an oration spoken in both Greek and Latin, every day after dinner, by some of the family. Thus says the world. However, I have too good an opinion of Lady Fitzarran's sense, to suppose she has any intention to degrade herself so much as to marry a man who has been in her family, only one step above the menial servants. You will excuse my taking this liberty with you; I remember, it was your own request. How kind I must be to write so much of your affairs, and never once mention myself! You are, doubtless,
anxious

ROBERT AND ADELA. 61

anxious to know if this Frenchman is arrived, and whether he has touched my heart. Yes he is come, and to say the truth, is perfectly an elegant creature : but there is not any reason why, by finding him agreeable, I am to lose myself. He does not look quite so faucy as Landsford, but I dare say a sufficient share of vanity lurks under his pretended humility. How many shapes these men can assume, in order to enslave us. Well, are we not right to fight them with their own weapons, and subdue instead of being subdued? This is the plan I mean to pursue, and teach those animals that women have souls, aye ! and reasonable ones too, as well as themselves. The Count de Montfort is a sensible and intelligent young man without the foppery that generally distinguishes those of his country who have come under my observation. " His serious manners," he says, " were caught

caught from the Duke de B***, his most intimate friend; who partly received his education in England, and who was formed upon the model of our youth." He speaks enthusiastically of the Duke, who, I find, is his oracle. My mother is particularly pleased with the Count; so is Sabina; he has thus got the majority of females on his side. He reads to them whilst they work.—I frequently mortify him by getting up and going out of the room in the midst of his readings. This I do for fear he should be vain; and so give himself airs: for Landsford has informed me, that the fool was in love at first sight. Nay, my brother had the insolence to give me warning not to play the fool with a man of sense, and his friend. I suppose I should have thanked my stars for my good fortune, and his good Lordship for bringing this gem, this treasure to Oakstock. Did they not presume to di-

rect

rect me, I do not know but I might have found the Count agreeable enough ; but I must, and will be uncontrolled. Sabina is about to leave us ; she has lost all her former vivacity ; this marriage has quite altered her.—She is for ever thinking and talking of Somerville.—She talks of his delicate attentions. In what, my dear, do you think they consist ? or, at least, which is most prominent in her mind ? just the very thing for which I would have punished the wretch : so very differently do people view the same thing. On going to her dressing-room, after he left her, she found the glass reversed, and her husband's picture placed where the glass should have reflected her own face : just tantamount to saying, here is a more beautiful object to look upon.—Never presume to think of yourself, whilst such a divinity, as I, am in existence. I would have whitened the face, and returned him
the

64 ROBERT AND ADELA.

the picture by the next packet. It is just these pieces of vanity that make me detest the sex. They will not let you peaceably and quietly be their friends and equals, but you must adore, and worship them, or they are downright angry, and complain that you are insensible, insipid, and that you want feeling. A thousand abusive epithets they bestow on those who dispute their authority: passive obedience is what they exact. Oh horrid! I am meditating a journey to Bath, as I am now tired of home.

Oakstock begins to be dull, and an invitation from Mrs. Evelyn; a friend of my mother's, has kindly relieved me from my present *ennui*. At Bath there are a few of my silly adorers.—I cannot help laughing to see what fools men make of themselves, just for the pleasure of playing the tyrant in their turn. But their reign lasts for life; whilst poor women only flutter in the sunshine of
power

power for a short period, and then sink into nothing. You see how tiresome I grow, having nothing to communicate. We go through the same insipid round of going to bed and getting up, riding, walking, or sitting down to cards. Landsford has proposed accompanying me to Bath ; this I shall permit him to do, as by so doing I shall ensure the Count's going *en suite*. I have no objection to a little flirtation with him, if he presumes no farther. Nay, my friendship he is welcome to ; for I must say, I think him amiable, and he appears as yet unassuming. My mother, I believe, goes to London ; where, I hope, you will come, notwithstanding the reports so maliciously circulated. I am thinking who would present your new father at court, if the story was true. I suppose the president of some of our colleges : as it must be a learned introduction. Adieu, Frances, write me
all

all the news of Dublin: and, in return the scandal of Bath, if I go there, is at your service.

Yours,

SUSAN SPENCER.

ADELA DE MONTFORT

TO

JACQUILINE ST. PRIEUX.

Lausanne.

WHERE is my sister, my friend and counsellor? Torn from me by the rude hand of necessity. Indeed I have lost all my friends, one by one, and am now left alone to combat with a world, with which I feel myself but too ill fitted to struggle. Jacqueline, my brother, my
 dear

dear Robert, has also left me, and is gone to England.—This I am rather reconciled to, as his stay in France was no longer safe. My father, on his death-bed, bequeathed me to the care of the Dutcheſs de B***, and bade her keep his child from the ſtorm that threatened : to cheriſh and protect her youth. How well has this amiable woman executed her truſt ? She is indeed a mother to your Adela ; yet I cannot feel that unreſerve in her preſence that I uſed to do, in that of Madame Adeliade, our ſuperior. Happy hours Jacqueline were thoſe we paſſed in the Convent of St. Auſtin, when every day paſſed unriſſled by care, and unclouded with ſorrow : When we experienced that eternal ſunſhine of the mind, which I fear is only the lot of youth. You will begin to think I am changed—indeed ſo I am, in every thing but my friendſhip for you : and that can never change, becauſe it is founded

founded on principle, and cemented by time. Amidst every care and attention that can be shewn me, I am unhappy. Never did I think that my heart could harbour so detestable a guest as ingratitude. Yet it is so : how was it possible to live under the same roof, to see the many amiable qualities of the Duke de B***, and not admire them ? So tender, so delicate was his attention to me, when the severest of all misfortunes befel me, the loss of my father. Since that period, he has been anxious to shew me every mark of esteem, insomuch that my heart, Jacqueline, has yielded a willing victim to his virtues. Sometimes, I hope that he is not indifferent to Adela ; yet I am obliged to check this hope when I reflect, that his good mother, my patroness and friend, would disapprove his passion were it so. She has views of aggrandizement by a match with the daughter of Don Guzman,

man, her brother, and often entertains me with her plans and conjectures on this subject, the whole morning together. The Duke was in France at our first coming hither, as it was not judged proper for him to attend us, which might have created a jealousy. He himself did not wish to remove, as my brother was then in France. There has ever subsisted a strong friendship between them. Robert went for England, and the Duke has followed us. Never did I experience such true delight as when I saw, from my window, his Berlin drive into the yard of our Hotel. I was sitting with the Dutcheß, whose own emotions on this occasion, I hope, prevented her from seeing mine.—For we had formed serious apprehensions for the safety of the Duke, which were confirmed by the proscriptions daily carrying on in Paris. Never did a happier trio sit down to dinner than ourselves ; for the Duke is very affectionate

affectionate to his mother, and to see her happiness must have contributed to his.

We have a very pleasant society here, and were it not for a sigh or two for lost friends, and past pleasures, and some few apprehensions of future misery, your friend might be said to be happy. Sometimes I wish I had remained in our peaceful convent; yet I fear even there, the sisterhood will not long remain in safety. Tell me what you are about, for nothing that relates to you can ever be indifferent to me. When you left the convent, your mother's woman told you, it was to be married. We then laughed at the idle notion of a stranger, knowing this circumstance before you were informed of it.—I hope, however, that you have not had occasion to sigh since, at the information she then gave you. Do you remember the Duke de B***?

He

He came once to see me with Robert: if I mistake not, you went down with me to the parlour of Madame Adeliade to receive them. It is impossible, if you have ever seen him, to forget his features. That was almost the first time, Jacqueline, I ever saw this amiable man—the impression then made, and since confirmed by reason, will ever remain indelible in the breast of your sincere friend,

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO THE

DUKE DE B***.

NOW that you are safe from the fangs of tyranny and oppression, my heart is lighter than whilst I contemplated what might be your fate, if distrust should point you out a victim to that eager desire of rapine and plunder that now marks the blood thirsty councils of France. We had both suffered too much anxiety whilst the flight of your mother and my sister were pending, as their departure was occasioned by our advice, for me again to hazard my opinion, where your life might be the forfeit of the failure: else would I have solicited you to accompany me to England. I cannot but say, that the receipt of your letter both gave me pleasure and pain.

I will explain this paradoxical way of speaking.—To hear you were safe, gave me pleasure ; but that my Adela trembled at your approach, gave me pain. You say you only thought so. I will believe it true ; as love is ever quick-sighted. Her happiness is dear to me, so is yours, my dear B***, and I cannot see how they can be united. I would to heaven this was possible ; then would the first wish of my heart be accomplished. To see my sister the wife of the first and only friend I ever possessed, would be true and solid felicity to me.—Once this might have been possible. My father used to contemplate in you a future son-in-law, and reckon on many days of happiness that would be passed with Adela and de B***. He pleased himself in thought with future prospects. The fortune of my sister is now too confined to allow your marrying her. Would that of Montfort was equal to

the raising her to what is expected by your union with the rich heiress of the house of Guzman.—You have no other resource than marrying her, as your possessions in France are too precarious to admit of delay. Think of this, and do not trifle with your own and my sister's happiness. She has a susceptible and a tender heart. Believe me, de B***, I do not suspect you of tampering with her affections. Friendship has no foe so ungenerous as mistrust. However you act, it will be most honourable. Your mother is set upon this match. It is her only hope. In this she sees the fallen fortunes of her house again raising their head. You are her only remaining child. How natural is it for the maternal breast to be anxious to see the object of its fondest hopes raised again to that affluence from which he is about to be torn, if not already deprived of that property which was

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the

the right of his ancestors. Think of this de B***. I am sure you will act with propriety. Regard Adela as the orphan daughter of a respected friend, and the sister of

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

Somerville Lodge.

THIS letter will find my gay and whimsical sister just entered into all the scenes of mirth and dissipation that Bath and its motley visitors present to a mind like hers, ever ready to be amused with the passing follies.

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I who

I who am a recluse expect to be entertained with whatever strikes you. It is a debt you owe to me, and you I know hate to be under an obligation: When I was in town with my mother, before you left your grand-mother, I always dedicated some moments of each day to you, in order to fill up the tedious hours of absence, and give you some idea of the metropolis, which Lady Leicester had determined you never, with her consent, should see. Indeed, my dear Susan, I am inclined to wish you never had seen this good woman. I am sure her notions are absurd; some of them do not want sense, and her reasoning was good on some points: but I am convinced there is a middle course to be steered between that of being a slave, or a tyrant. I have no idea of a gentleman-like lady. Does it not disgust one in our theatres to see (as is often the custom now) a stout robust man in woman's
cloaths

cloaths acting a character, whilst a woman, with a little shrill voice, is apeing that of a man? It is the same in real life, with this difference, that one is carried through life, while the other is only put on for the evening, and cast off with our cloaths. I fear that by pursuing this idle plan, you will trifle with your own happiness, and when too late, become a rational being. I am led into this train of thinking by an observation I made in the few days I spent at Oakstock. This was, that Landsford's friend Robert de Montfort, is a sensible and amiable young man. I consider him as a kind of sacred character, rendered so by the misfortunes of his country and family: I perceived in him a disposition towards your Ladyship, which I must in sincerity say I was truly sorry for. Volatility is not his characteristic, or I am greatly mistaken. If my conjecture is well grounded, I beseech you, not to

encourage an hopeless passion in this young man. It would be unbecoming the dignity of that character which you would wish to assume. This, I know, you will think, very elder-sister like. I would have it so. I know but one folly you are guilty of; but that is so monstrous and giant-like, that I dread its progress. At this moment I have before my eyes, what contradicts all your system of the boasted rights of women: This is Lady Trentown sitting on a bank in her shrubbery, with her children playing round her, mending a paper kite for her eldest boy. Now this is degrading in your opinion. Women were made to share in all the councils of the state. Which would make the most feminine appearance, (I had forgot that your system hardly allows of distinction of sex,) your ladyship holding forth in Parliament on the boasted rights of *Magna Charta*, or Lady Trentown employed

ployed in the maternal duties watching over the health and pastimes of her lovely children? Perhaps one day I may surprize my sister so employed. I need not express the sincere delight this would give me.

I can tell you nothing like news, as all my friends are gone to town. I amuse myself with working, reading, and walking, as the weather and my humour permits—my little Fidelle is my only companion. Miss Miller is gone to Dublin, to spend some little time with your friend Lady Frances Fitzarran. I dare say you will hear the news of Dublin from her. I have some hopes our mother will spend a few days with me, previously to her going to town. I wish she may; as I design some trifling improvement in the absence of my William; for as her taste is good, it would assist me in my determination.

80 **ROBERT AND ADELA.**

Remember, I expect long letters. If you are angry with my admonitions, I will write in this strain no more: but leave time and good sense to effect what is so truly and ardently wished by your affectionate

SABINA SOMERVILLE.

MRS. EVELYN

TO

THE COUNTESS OF ALDBOROUGH.

Bath.

IT is with pleasure I inform you that I received Lady Susan last night at my house, in perfect health, attended by her brother and his friend the Count de Montfort.

Montfort. Both her Ladyship and the Earl are greatly improved in person since I last saw them. Indeed that is no wonder, for it is five years since I saw the Earl, and nearly three since I met Lady Susan at Buxton with Lady Leicester. I shall endeavour to put these odd notions, imbibed from the opinions of an old superannuated woman, out of her head. She is, my dear Countess, just what I remember you to have been when we first met at St. James's on the day of presentation, when our mutual fears brought us acquainted. Lady Susan has not so much timidity in her disposition as you had then, I perceive. We shall endeavour to make Bath agreeable to her Ladyship. I could not prevail on the gentlemen to take up their abode with me. I suppose, they thought there would be too much restraint under the roof of an old Dowager: I did not insist, as I like every one to be

at their ease. They are lodged in the square, and see us every day. All the unmarried dames are setting their caps at the Earl already. I have been looked after greatly since the arrival of my young friends. Lady Susan is in search of characters she says: I do not know any place in which she is so likely to succeed as Bath. I think you should have performed a half promise you made me, of coming here for a few weeks. Perhaps you will do this before the season be over. We are very full of company at present. As you say, this place is just calculated for me. As I should be much alone in an old family mansion, nobody would travel miles to pay a visit to an old woman; but, as they come here at any rate, the rules of good breeding will not let my old friends silently pass my door: so by this means I secure myself from neglect. You was so good as to enquire after my daughter Middleton:

Middleton : She is both well and happy, and as you supposed at Middleton-hall. She is attending her eldest daughter under inoculation. As soon as she is recovered they mean to pay me a visit here. I have, indeed, been very fortunate in both my children. My son is in Bengal, making, as I hear, (through the kindness of his father's friend, the governor general) a rapid fortune : which he will have youth enough left to enjoy on his return to his native country. I am led to this reflection by my observation of so many gentlemen with worn out health, who resort to this place on their return from India, that I think would have done well to have spent their fortunes where they gained them, rather than at so advanced a period in life, have risked a change of climate ; as that of India must have become from long residence necessary to their constitutions. I have known some, whose good

senſe was too late convinced of this, return again to India. Edmund has, he tells me, never experienced any hurt from the climate. I hope he will not marry in India; not that I mean ſo on account of money; but that I have obſerved many ladies who have gone out to look for fortunes, on having found them, return haughty, upſtart and conceited; with only this reaſon for their being ſo, that they had met with a fate, of which they were undeſerving. My dear Counteſs, will think I have taken up ſufficient of her time, and Lady Suſan will be impatient to go to the rooms. Adieu then, my friend,

Your's,

ANN EVELYN.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUKE DE B***.

Bath.

WHY are you silent, my friend? I am not so uneasy at this, as I should be at another time; because, I know, in the present state of things, your letters may be stopped, or many other mischances might happen. You will wonder to hear of my being at Bath, this I will soon explain to you. Landsford is here attending on Lady Susan, who is on a visit to a lady, a friend of the Countess. Being an idle fellow, and wishing to see as much as possible of this country, I have accompanied them here. At Bath, as at Aix-la-Chapelle, and other places of fashionable resort, you see the world under

a sort of disguise : find those peculiarities that form a national character, are in a great measure lost, in that general and modish politeness which assimilates the manners of people of quality very much to one another. I can easily discern features in the English, assembled at this rendezvous, that discriminate them from the neighbouring nations ; particularly the French. They possess good nature, good sense, and great candour and probity of disposition. They are not very accessible to strangers : but the sincerity of their friendship is in proportion to the reserve with which they contract them. It is in provincial towns, villages, and hamlets, that I must learn the character of this nation. You shall hear, from time to time, the observations I make in a short tour.

Having resolved then, to wander about for some days, regardless whither,

ther, and without any companion, or even servant, that I might with the greater freedom mingle with the country people, the great strength and support of every nation, I sallied forth from Bath mounted on a very stout Welch poney, and directed my course south and eastward through the Wiltshire downs, including the famous Salisbury plains, into that part of Hampshire which they call the New Forest. The route I pursued is one of the most interesting in England, and that on many accounts. Along the isthmus, extending from Southampton to Bridgewater, on the estuary of the Severn, and peninsulating Cornwall, Devonshire and Dorsetshire, with part of Somersetshire and Wiltshire, lie the striking vestiges of a military pretenture, or ditch and rampart, once twenty feet high from the bottom of the ditch: which some reckon among the Roman, and others among the

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the Danish antiquities of England. The nature of the ground and local situation destined this to be a theatre of contest between the natives of Britain and foreign invaders. Here probably the Britons made a stand against the Romans, and here, certainly the Saxons of the southern and western provinces of England made head, in many a desperate conflict, against the Danes. The whole extent of the space for several miles on either hand, is strewn with barrows or tumuli of various sizes, the burying places of thousands of foes and friends heaped without distinction, under the same accumulation of turf and stone. In countries enclosed, planted, or subdued by the plough, such remains of antiquity are demolished, or hid from the eye, by the laborious and restless hand of art. In those wide uncultivated plains, interspersed here and there only by a little cottage or hamlet, with a small stripe
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of oats or rye, the face of nature is preserved inviolate. You see nothing but the tumuli already mentioned, and the waving surface of the green earth, thinly scattered over with herds and flocks. You forget the busy city and town.—Even rural occupations and village gambols are unknown here—all is solitary and sad. Every object recalls to the imagination war and barbarism.—Here the mind becomes contemplative—that tumult of hopes and fears, of desires and aversions which make up the sum of human life, is arrested; and we revolve the fate of nations, and the destiny of the human race.

How different the times and circumstances in which I, with many of my countrymen, now make our appearance in this famed land, from those Norman conquerors, whom this forest and waste land bring to recollection. William the Conqueror,

Conqueror, not content with those large forests, which the former King's possessed in all parts of England, resolved to make a new forest near Winchester, the usual place of his residence: and, for that purpose, he laid waste the country in Hampshire, and on the confines of Wiltshire, for an extent of thirty miles from east to west, and from fifteen to twenty from north to south. He expelled the inhabitants from their houses; seized their property; and made the sufferers no compensation for their conduct. At the same time he enacted new laws, by which he prohibited all his subjects from hunting in any of his forests, and rendered the penalties more severe than had ever been inflicted for such offences. The killing of a deer or boar, or even a hare, was punished with the loss of the delinquent's eyes; and that at a time when the killing of a man could be atoned for by paying a moderate

moderate fine or composition. Thus tyranny was exercised over the English, seven hundred years ago, by one man, as it is now in France, especially Brittany and Normandy, my native province, by thousands. Though the institutions of William the Conqueror, who introduced the feudal or military system into England, on the ruins of the more simple and equal laws of the Saxons, have been gradually improved into a well compacted system of regulated liberty, there are several remains of an overbearing power to be traced in the celebrated constitution of England; (for what human work can be expected to be altogether perfect?) but none so striking as the game laws, which, to the great mass of the people, cannot but appear odious and humiliating. Personal services, instead of pecuniary rents or contributions in warlike and rude times, were natural; and taxes, even heavy taxes,

taxes, in a commercial age, and under an old government, are necessary to the maintenance of social order : but the heavy penalties that restrain the people from catching or seizing animals unappropriated, and which, by the wildness of their nature, cannot be appropriated to any master, seems to be an unnecessary act of wantonness ; and extremely impolitic too, particularly in times of commotion : for, whereas men find an excuse for pecuniary imposts in the public exigencies, they are like William Tell, the father of Helvetic freedom, roused to indignation by sportive oppression *.

* The Swiss had continued long under little else than a nominal subjection to the Burgundians and Germans, when, about the year 1300, the Emperor Albert I. treated them with so much rigour, that they petitioned him against the cruelty of his governor. This served only to add to the hardships of the people. One of Albert's Austrian

It is also to be observed, that the restraint in question, is more grievous and insolent in the present, than it formerly was in feudal and more turbulent times.

When the leaders of those Tartarian hordes, which, in the third and fourth

trian governors, Grissler, in the wantonness of tyranny, set up a hat upon a pole, to which he ordered the natives to pay as much respect as to himself. One William Tell being observed to pass frequently without taking notice of the hat, and being an excellent marksman, the tyrant condemned him to be hanged, unless he cleft an apple upon his son's head, at a certain distance, with an arrow. Tell cleft the apple, and on Grissler's asking him the meaning of another arrow which he saw stuck in his belt, he bluntly answered, that it was intended for his (Grissler's) heart, if he had killed his son. Tell, upon this, was condemned to prison: but he made his escape, and watching an opportunity, shot the tyrant, and thereby brought to maturity a plan which had been for some time in agitation among the chief men for the recovery and establishment of liberty.

centuries

centuries came to settle the economy of a vanquished country, their policy led them to keep the native peasants in as low a condition as possible, and especially to prohibit them from the use of arms. Nothing could be better adapted for this purpose than a prohibition of hunting and sporting. The right of indulging in these pleasures was therefore reserved to themselves, and those on whom they chose to bestow it; which were only the capital feudatories or greater Barons. And accordingly we find, in the feudal constitutions, one and the same law, prohibiting the peasantry or actual cultivators of the soil, from carrying arms; and prosecuting the use of nets, snares, or other engines for destroying the game. The spirit of the game laws, in those times, therefore is obvious: it was in the same spirit undoubtedly, and not from a spirit of unnecessary and wanton insolence, that so wise and politic a prince

as William the Conqueror, laid his newly-acquired subjects, with regard to hunting, under still closer restrictions than his predecessors of the British, and even of the Saxon line.

In the time of the Britons, who derived much of their subsistence from the chase, the whole island was replenished with all sorts of game, and all the inhabitants, like the back settlers in America at this day, were at liberty to pursue it. But under the Saxon government, when lands began to be inclosed and cultivated, the wild and untameable animals naturally fled into the woody and desert tracts, which, as they were not disposed of in the first distribution of lands, were held to belong to the sovereign, who reserved, on pain of a pecuniary forfeiture, the game in which they abounded for his own use and diversion: but, still every freeholder had a right of sporting
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ing upon his *own territories*, provided he abstained from the King's forests. Upon the Roman conquest, however, a new doctrine took place, and the liberty of pursuing and taking such animals as were accounted game, was then held to belong to the king only, or such as acted under his authority.

This long digression to the Roman conquest, royal forests, the feudal system, and the game laws, may appear somewhat odd. But it is obtruded by the wild, yet interesting scene that surrounds me, and will serve as a natural introduction to some farther circumstances, and some amusing enough facts which I shall relate in some other letters. Adieu, my friend, for the present,

Your's,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

THE DUKE DE B***

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

COULD not you put idleness into the catalogue, Robert, when you were making your calculations concerning what might occasion the delay in our correspondence? Had you done so, you would have been right in your conjectures. I am become careless, stupid, inattentive; in short I am good for nothing. My mother is angry with me. The Lady Theresa Guzman is affronted, and the gentle Adela sighs. You are, no doubt, surprized to hear that the fair Spaniard is at Laufanne. In truth this surprized me: but so it is. The Spaniards were not wont to be so condescending. She is not the woman for me; nor could the wealth of worlds, were

she in possession of them, prevail over me to unite my fate with hers ; in short my fate on this point is decided. Was it necessary, do you think, my friend, to put me on my guard with regard to Adela ? Did you suspect that I could ever forget who I myself am ? If I keep in remembrance this, it is not likely I shall forget the respect due to my friends, either dead or alive ? Forgive me ! I perhaps reply too severely to a brother anxious for the peace of a beloved sister ; but of this be assured, I will use no means improper to gain her affections. But was I certain I were in the possession of them, I can only say I should be too happy : exile with her is preferable to splendor and all its ideal train of parade without her. However, be easy Robert, I intend to quit Laufanne as soon as I can bring my mind to such a state as to be able to speak with the Duchess on the subject. My mother informed me on

my

my arrival, that she had some expectation of a visit from this fair cousin of mine ; which immediately determined me to quit Lausanne as soon as possible. But before I had been here three days arrives a courier with the news that the Lady Theresa and her maiden aunt, who is sister to my mother, were on their journey hither, and might be expected on the morrow. This brought on a serious conversation with the Duchess ; in which she recounted to me my own misfortunes, both past and in prospect. She then gave me an account of the immense wealth of Don Guzman, her brother, and of the reputed charms and accomplishments of her niece ; both of which were designed for me : she entreated me not to disappoint her hopes in this match—there was no other way to repair my ruined fortune, and to reinstate me in my former situation. She looked, Robert, as if she feared a disappointment, and cut off the

tion with saying, "I do not ask for a
 "reply, my son, until you have confi-
 "dered the matter, and have seen Lady
 "Theresa," she then left me to my re-
 flections; they were not of the most
 pleasing kind. Never did criminal
 await his doom with more anxiety than did
 I the arrival of this damsel: not but that
 I was before determined; but I hoped
 to find in her what would be my excuse;
 for if she was amiable and interesting, I
 did not know how to affront my mother
 and her family by a refusal. At length
 I was summoned to attend in the draw-
 ing-room the arrival of Lady Theresa.
 When she was announced, it was impos-
 sible to picture the anxiety of my
 mother's countenance—she watched mine
 closely. The door opened, and in walk-
 ed a stately old lady, and after her a tall
 majestic figure, without one amiable
 trait in her countenance; a dead fallow
 complexion, which was almost hid under

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an enormous quantity of rouge. She paid her respects gracefully enough to my mother; I was then introduced to my aunt, and then to her ladyship, and in five minutes my mind was made up on the subject, and I set down perfectly quiet. Lady Theresa seemed to say, by her manners, why are not you enraptured? Why don't you adore the heiress of the House of Guzman? She is proud, vain, and conceited—and may carry herself and her riches back to some of the Dons she has left fighting behind in Spain; as Donna Isabella, my aunt, informed me that half the cavaliers in Madrid broke their hearts on her departure. She has ogled, talked, played, sung, danced, &c. but I will not part with my liberty to her. This you will say is madness. I received a most flattering and kind letter from my uncle Don Guzman, excusing himself from

attending his daughter to Lausanne, as his attendance on the Court would not permit him to quit Madrid, but hoping I might be prevailed on to escort the ladies on their return. My mother had another letter, making the most unbounded offers, should I like to espouse his daughter. So I suppose the inclinations of the poor girl were not consulted in the least. I pray that she may have left her heart with some whisker'd Don: that being the case, we may contrive to set aside the plans of the old folks. I have some thoughts of coming over to England. It is a land I admire. Every one is happy or unhappy in his own way. You say you went to Bath because Landsford went thither to attend his sister. Do you not find your attendance necessary also, Robert? Are you in love with Lady Susan, and is she cruel or kind? I cannot write another sentence.

My

My mother is called for, Adela is ill.
Adieu.

Your's,

DE B***.

To ease your apprehensions, Adela is better, only a sudden faintness seized her, occasioned by the heat of the weather.

MISS FITZARRAN

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

The Black Rock.

Were I not long acquainted with your disposition, and know that you say many things sportively, but never with intention to wound, I should be seriously

displeased with your last letter. You will say, perhaps, were I so, I should act with injustice, having asked you to let me know the idle rumour of the day. But my friend I do not ask you to comment upon it with quite so much humor. However, I forgive you, and most heartily wish no worse misfortune may ever befall our family, than what you describe as possible. This will surprise you I doubt not. I will own that I was surprised in my turn to find Lady Susan Spencer entertain so illiberal an opinion as to rank a gentleman among the menials of the family, only because fortune had been forgetful of his merits. That "man's manners makes the man," is an old saying, and why should they not constitute the gentleman? For, however high our birth, without these we should certainly be little superior to brutes. Mr. Harrowby, whom the world has given me for a father, is certainly a most accomplished

plished scholar and gentleman—and I entertain the highest respect for his many virtues. My mother is much recovered both in health and spirits. I shall not trouble her with the opinions of the world; she is superior to them all, and will always, I am persuaded, act with propriety. I hear from Miss Miller, who arrived here last night, that you are on the wing for Bath in search of new conquests: I wish you to make one deserving of you. My brother says you will marry some rake or other, he is sure, as he never saw any of you difficult ladies but blundered at last either on a rake or a fool. I shall leave you to fight out this battle with him. I have been greatly occupied lately in attendance on a most beautiful and amiable friend, who is languishing on a sick bed, and is like Juliet, “past hope; past cure.” She is anxiously awaiting the stroke of death that is to join her to her beloved brother. F. 5. *Alfred* Albert.

Albert. Her story is short, but not the less affecting.

Sarah S***** is the daughter of the Dean of D*****. She last winter at Bath met with Alfred Walton, the son of a gentleman of considerable fortune in the North of England. They soon saw and admired the many amiable qualities distinguishable in both. A mutual passion was lighted up in their breast, which, two months spent in the society of each other, confirmed. No sooner was this perceived by the Dean, than he waited on Mr. Walton for an explanation of his intentions; for, as he was an unexceptionable young man, either as to morals or fortune, he had but one point to carry, and the young folks were to be allowed to be happy their own way. The Dean had an eye to a Bishopric. Walton's father could send two Members to Parliament; these, under a right direction, might place the long-wished
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for mitre on the head of the Dean. What is the happiness of a daughter, when put in competition with this beloved object? Walton knew his family had always been in the Opposition, and that his father was, and would be, firm as a rock to the cause he had espoused; and, but to breathe a thought like that of changing sides (a thing quite fashionable in the present day) was to forfeit all claim to his regard. To give up the hope of calling the lovely Sarrh his, was what he dreaded to think of! In this dilemma he thought it best to temporise a little. He returned suitable acknowledgments to the Dean for his favourable opinion of him. And did not hesitate to say, if it lay within his own abilities to make an instant reply, every thing that the Dean wished should be directly accommodated: that on his return to the North he would speak with his father on the subject, and he hoped

that he should be able to promise the boroughs to the friends of the Dean—he himself knew no party when the woman of his heart was at stake. This procured him access to the lovely Sarah. When they parted, he to go to the North on an hopeless errand, as he well knew, and she to attend her father thither, they exchanged mutual vows of constancy. And, by permission of the Dean, they kept up a regular correspondence, until pressed to return an answer on the favourite point. This had been delayed to the last moment. Mr. Walton had once ventured to speak on the subject to his father, who cut him short by saying, “No more of this, Alfred—let me hear no more of it. It is not in the power of man to change my principles, much less a silly girl.” This he wrote to the wretched Sarah, in a letter replete with genuine tenderness and sorrow: praying her to use her interest with the Dean,

Dean, to beg him to forget ambition and to let filial tenderness hold the place where politics had such possession. The Dean insisted on seeing this letter. And now ashamed that his daughter should see that he preferred his own interest to her happiness, he caught hold of the Elder Walton's expression, saying "much less a silly girl,"—and said, "no man who thought so contemptibly of the sense of his daughter, should be allied to her." And then Young Walton's desiring to beg him to forget ambition, and let filial tenderness holds its place, was a crime never to be forgiven. "A boy," he said, "attempt to teach him his duty was insufferable arrogance." Sarah was commanded never, on pain of eternal displeasure, to answer that impertinent letter—"Nay, never to think of Walton more." This last interdiction was impossible. He was the husband of her heart, and had been—
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sanctioned as such by her parent. She knew not of any bargain to be ratified. Mr. Walton had looked upon the proposal as coming from a Divine, in such a point of view, that he wished to avoid degrading the Dean in the opinion of his daughter, until he was obliged to make the conditions known, in order that her influence might be used to obviate the objection. In short, both fathers remained inexorable. The lovers, by means of a faithful servant, continued to correspond, until Alfred could no longer write. A rapid consumption brought him to the brink of the grave. His father, who tenderly loved this his only son, and with grief watched the progress of this equally deceitful and destructive disorder, had hoped that time, youth, and the efforts of the best physicians, would restore his son. But now, being convinced that the wound was beyond the reach of any of these
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remedies, he turned his thoughts on what was best to be done : and at length determined on a visit to this country, in order to see if it was possible to bring over the Dean to consent to an union, leaving all politics at a distance. Through the interference of a mutual friend and the tears and entreaties of Sarah, the Dean consented to the union. Mr. Walton and the Dean, with the happy Sarah, set out for Castle Hilton, without apprizing Alfred. On their arrival, they found him so much worse, that it was feared the sight of his lovely mistress would affect him too much if it was not managed with great delicacy. This was accordingly done. He heard of their arrival with much transport, and directed that he might be got up and dressed, in order to receive them : he was so. The Dean was first introduced, who was much shocked to see the ravages this disorder had made on the person and countenance
of

of so fine a young man. Sarah fainted in the arms of her father at the first sight of him. Alfred's agitation at seeing this, affected him so much that he was carried to bed. Sarah, as soon as recovered, begged that she might be permitted again to see him. This she was allowed; and, about eight o'clock the same evening, he expired in her arms. The conflict had been too severe—Think, my dear Lady Susan, the situation of my friend. She was carried insensible to another apartment; where she lay for two months nearly in a state of insensibility. The Dean and Mr. Walton were almost distracted; mourning the fatal inflexibility of the one, and the folly of ambition in the other. As soon as Sarah could with safety be removed, the Dean brought her home, the skeleton of her former self. A settled melancholy has taken possession of her, and by slow and certain degrees is hastening her

to

to that grave in which she hopes again to be united to her Alfred.—I spend some hours every day at the Deanery, in fruitless endeavours to amuse my friend. She is now confined to her bed, and quite happy, she says, as she sees the period of her sufferings. Now Miss Miller is here, I shall not be able to devote quite so much of my time to Sarah: but she has many friends equally anxious with myself. Her father breaks fast, and will not survive her loss. Ambition! what sacrifices have been made at thy altar! may this be the last, prays

Your affectionate,

FRANCES FITZARRAN.

114 ROBERT AND ADELA.

JACQUILINE ST. PRIEUX

TO

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

INDEED, Adela, I thought you had forgotten me, and that our friendship had closed with the gates of the convent. Most truly I am happy in finding my notion groundless, and that Adela still continues to look on me as her sister and her friend. Do you remember the day previous to our parting? the many projects we then formed while walking in the grove of palm-trees opposite to the window of Madame Adelaide? We there vowed to participate in the joys and sorrows that might attend us in that world to which we were both equally strangers. Our vows were made at the foot of the grave of our departed friend, St. Clair. And we then invoked her, as
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an angel, to register them in Heaven. Let us believe this done, and our vows sacred. Your prospects, my Adela, were once bright. Returning reason in the breasts of our misguided countrymen may yet clear the prospect. In the mean time I am most happy to find you are under the protection of the good Duchesse de B***. You ask me if I remember the Duke in his visit to you? Certainly I do. Never having beheld a more animating or a more interesting form, except that of your brother, whom he accompanied. A more perfect form than Robert de Montfort I have never seen. The sincere affection which beamed in his fine eyes, for his lovely sister, rendered him particularly interesting. I then sighed to think that I had no brother: no Robert de Montfort to be the friend and director of my inexperience. That this amiable young man is gone to England I am very sorry to hear. I
 should

should not wish him to marry an Englishwoman (not but I greatly admire their general character). They, as well as we, are formed by education; which being totally different; their dispositions might not so easily accord, as those brought up in the same habits and manners. I would have the brother of my Adela happy—he is the only natural friend she has, though many will dispute that name with him; amongst which number I shall always be foremost. You will say I continue as usual more busied in the affairs of others than my own. I shall endeavour to give you a little sketch of my history since we parted. If I cannot finish it in this letter, I will give you another by the next post.

You will remember that my mother's woman came to fetch me from the convent, and that she told me I was to be married within a short time. This we
both

both heard with surprise. As soon as I was seated in the carriage I enquired to whom my father had destined me as a partner for life. She said this was a secret as yet ; but that it would be disclosed on my arrival at home, she had not the least doubt. Thus in uncertainty, and forming a thousand conjectures, I passed on until I reached the Castle of Salens. There I met a numerous assemblage of relatives, who had been summoned to pass judgment on your poor Jacqueline. I knew not that there were any company, and eagerly flew to the drawing-room, where I understood my father then was. He met me with a smile, and presented me to the company, as a young novice just escaped from my convent. My lady mother-in-law welcomed me to Salens with much politeness, but I did not observe any affection. A tall lean figure of a man about forty was now presented

to

to me. He viewed me through a glass, that was suspended round his neck with a black ribband—After attentively surveying my person from head to foot, he said to my father, “Indeed, Sir, your daughter is a most charming girl, and the matter is concluded”—making me a most profound bow, he retired to the other end of the room, where sat my mother. I then went through a general introduction and compliments of the rest of my relations; and was permitted to retire in order to change my dress. I intended to make the business of the toilette very short. But my mother’s woman came and told me that I must allow her to dress me, that a most fashionable dress had been procured from Paris by my mother, and that I was to put it on that evening. This was brought to me, and indeed it was quite superb. I sat down well pleased to be thus adorned, and I laughed heartily to think how you
would

would have been surprized to meet her, whom you had parted with but a few hours before, dressed in a plain gown and round cap, accoutred like one of your Parisian opera dancers; and I assure you a little rouge was not omitted to make the comparifon more juft. Vanity ftepped in, and I was pleafed with myfelf.—

“ Now, Mifs,” faid La Maire, as fhe drew on my gloves, “ now you look “ like Madame la Comteffe indeed.”—

“ What Madame la Comteffe do you “ mean? faid I. “ Why,” faid fhe, “ I mean the Countefs de Montmorin.”

“ And why like her?” replied I, “ I “ never-faw her in my life.” “ Well “ then (faid La Maire) I will lay a good “ wager I fhew her to you within this “ month, though I do not at prefent “ know any fuch lady.” I was fummone

d down ftairs, but could make nothing of my laft converfation with La Maire. I again entered the drawing-room—but

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not

not in silence as before; for every voice, as if by one consent, pronounced me charming, lovely, &c. and in short our language hardly furnished them words wherewith to celebrate my praises. My father approached me, and, taking my hand, whispered me, “Jacquiline
 “ I congratulate you on having gained
 “ the heart of Monsieur le Count
 “ de Montmorin, one of the richest
 “ and most accomplished noblemen in
 “ France.”

In a moment, what I had heard in my dressing-room, was explained to me.—
 “ Me,” said I to myself, “ Madame la
 “ Countess de Montmorin! Surely my
 “ father can never intend that old fright
 “ for his daughter!” I looked at him and he became a thousand times more disagreeable at every glance. He joined the party in which I then was, and began to address himself to me, talked of our

convent, praised the goodness of Madame Adeliade, to whom he had been known previously to her embracing a monastic life.

I began to think that he was not quite so disagreeable whilst speaking in the praise of our good Superior: but, when he passed from her eulogium to that of my own, I found him again relapse into ugliness. On the rest of the company's taking leave, I found he was a visitor at the castle. When they prepared to go down to supper, I begged permission to retire, and was allowed to leave them. I hurried to my mother's apartment, and enquired of La Maire what she knew as to myself and this Count, for that now her riddle was explained.—“Nothing more,” replied she, “but that your father intends you for the wife of the Count;” “to whom, as I understand, he is great-

“ly indebted.”—“For what good, La Maire? Can his debt be paid only by my hand.” That she knew nothing about, and I retired to rest most melancholy, wishing for my Adela; and enjoying the calm contentment she enjoyed in the convent of St. Clair. I have been thus particular in the description of the first evening, after my arrival. You know you said you should like to know what I did and said during all that day, as your thoughts would follow me constantly; and, I believe, I promised to write you circumstantially every event. This I did the next morning, but was told that your father was no more; and that you had been called to France a few days after we parted. I then expected a letter from you. I need not say how happy I am made by receiving it, though late:—I will resume my pen in a few days; in the mean time, believe me, truly

Your's,

JACQUILINE ST. PRIEUX.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

AM I not very good to leave my destined husband, in order to keep my engagement with my Adela, of finishing my little story by the next post?

The morning after my arrival, my father came to my dressing-room, and informed me that he had sent for me home in order to be married to the Count de Montmorin, should he be as much pleased with my appearance as he had been with my picture. I did not know for what that picture was designed when I sat for it, or I would have made my face as frightful as possible. The Count, my father said, was in raptures

at my appearance. He hoped I would have no objections to becoming the wife of this nobleman:—It was an honour to which the first families in France had aspired but without success. This was left for his Jacqueline. I replied, that I thought the proposal rather sudden; that I had scarce seen the Count or he me; that if I had not been greatly mistaken he looked to me some years older than my father.—

“Talk not to me of age!” said he—

“Jacquiline, you have no fortune, the Count wants none; think of this and act with that obedience which becomes my daughter. To-morrow morning I will see you here again, and inform you of what more it may be proper you should be informed.”—He then left me alone. When I began to revolve in my mind what he had been saying to me: “That I had no fortune,” astonished me; as I had

had ever been considered as the heiress of the house of Salens. How this was I could not tell, nor durst I enquire, as my father never allowed his will to be disputed, and my mother kept me at too great a distance to request the wished-for information from her. I considered my father's words over and over again. The Count de Montmorin seemed to possess good humour, I thought, which was more than my father did; and, if I must be for ever under authority, I thought it best to be so with the certainty of being, in some degree, my own mistress, and not at the mercy of that capricious goddess Fortune, to leave me in the lurch. Besides, by giving my hand to the Count, I should again meet my Adela, the sister of my heart. And I determined to see this Count with a favourable eye, and bring myself to receive him as a lover with a good grace. I must own

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this

this resolution cost me some little struggle—That being over, I determined not to give myself time to think for a moment but to submit to my father's will. I spent the next day with my family and the Count: we had no other company; he endeavoured to render himself pleasing, and succeeded so well that I retired to rest satisfied with my determination. The next morning my father was faithful to his promise, and was in my dressing-room by nine o'clock. He assured me, that my behaviour the preceding night had been such as greatly pleased him, and the Count requested me to name an early day for the completion of his happiness. I then told him that it was in obedience to his commands I had determined to submit to the marriage proposed; but that I must say, it would have rendered me truly grateful had I been permitted to refuse the honour intended

intended me. As the case was, I left it entirely to him, only praying him not to hasten my union with the Count, as we knew very little of each other yet, and perhaps hereafter, when irremediable, we might both have cause to regret our haste. He left me seemingly pleased with this answer. In about an hour I received a message from the Count, desiring permission to see me in my father's library. This request I immediately complied with—my father took my hand on my entering, and led me to the Count, saying, my Lord, my daughter must thank you, in my name, for your goodness—I have some little business with my steward and will wait on you again presently. We were left alone: the Count began the conversation by saying, that he considered himself singularly happy in gaining the hand of so charming a woman; that it should be his future

G 4

study

study to deserve a heart so invaluable as mine, that my father had named that day fortnight for our union; and if I made no objection he proposed carrying me to the chateau of Montmorin on the next day after; and that my father and mother would accompany us. I replied, that it should be as my father pleased. He then gave me a description of his houses both at Montmorin and Paris; and painted, in glowing colours, the pleasures that would await me at each of these places. Since my lot was enevitable I endeavoured to reconcile myself to it, and determined as I was to be the wife of the Count, not to let him see that it was done with reluctance. My mother is continually filling my ears with the grandeur of the connection, the riches of the Count, and the splendid scene on which I am going to enter. A week had passed, when a courier came
in

in haste to inform the Count that his brother lay at the point of death. This he heard with extreme sorrow, promised to return as soon as possible, and left us. I must say, my Adela, that the first pleasing emotion he had inspired me with, was that of seeing his carriage drive down the avenue that led from the castle to the road. I felt as if an inconceivable load was removed from my spirits. This I believe my father perceived; but he did not seem to notice it. However, the next day brought a letter to my father, and another to myself, saying, that the Count had found his brother better, the disorder having taken a favourable turn, and that he hoped to return in a week or less to his adorable bride. He was detained a fortnight, but yesterday he returned.—And on Wednesday next your Jacqueline resigns her liberty. The nearer this dreaded day approaches the

more unhappy am I : It cannot be avoided, I am not possessed with a spirit to contend. My father is in great spirits, my mother has given up a little of her natural hauteur, and they are all anxious to make me happy. The Count has brought me a profusion of jewels, I have also those which belonged to my mother. Cannot you leave the Duchesse de B*** for a few days ? I mentioned you to the Count, who was delighted to find that you was my friend—Your father and himself were in the strictest habits of intimacy. The reason why he never saw you was, that he was abroad on an embassy when you were young, and did not return until you had left home for the convent of St. Clair. I shall expect to share your society with the Duchesse de B***. The thought of this almost reconciles me to giving my hand, where my heart is not yet interested ; do not

let me meet a disappointment. The Count's carriage will attend you on Monday morning. Tell the Duchess not to refuse me your company. It shall be for as long or as short time as she pleases.

Your's, for the last time,

JACQUILINE ST. PRIEUX.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO THE

DUKE DE B****.

Bath.

I AM still here looking after amusement, and indeed one need not be very industrious in the search in this city of gaiety and dissipation. But it is not

G 6 pleasure

132 ROBERT AND ADELA.

pleasure of this kind that I am in quest of. It is the history civil and natural of the country and its antiquities of which I am anxious to acquire a just idea, but particularly the manners of the people. In my last I gave you an account of my first ramble; I don't know whether you was ever in this part of England; I don't remember hearing you speak of Bath, and you must have done so had you seen it.

I perceive you are angry with me in your last letter. I have no doubt of my friend's honor, and you yourself allow that I may be allowed to have some anxiety when the happiness of a beloved sister is at stake. My interference is in vain, you love her De B****! I see you do; I am become very quick sighted, since I am become lover myself. To see Lady Susan Spencer and not love her were to be an insen-

insensible. Do not think me a vain coxcomb; but her attentions make me proud, and to you I may whisper, that I am not indifferent to her. Landsford has congratulated me upon having made an impression on her heart: a heart that has been so guarded against our sex, she says, that I am the first Frenchman she ever thought agreeable. I am envied by all the men in Bath, as I am always honored with her hand at the rooms. Landsford bids me be cautious, because she is so capricious that she would start at the idea of being betrayed into love. I think that they have mistaken her character: she appears to be one of the best informed and most accomplished women I have ever seen. She has a natural pride in her carriage that I think not unbecoming in a woman. Her manners are the most enchanting I ever beheld; and she leaves all her sex far behind as to beauty. This you will
consider

consider as exaggerated praise : it is not so. I sometimes wonder and question myself, if it be possible that I can be so happy. The only uneasy sensation I experience at present is on your account, my friend.

I know how much the happiness of your revered mother depends on an union with Lady Theresa, your cousin. How is it possible to break off the match, without offending all your relations ?—Consider, de B****, your fortune depends, at present, on a thread ; and that is about to be cut asunder by those plunderers of our wretched country. They are about to confiscate the property of those who have fled from their merciless decrees. This they will do—they will add rapine to murder until the measure of their crimes draw down the vengeance of offended Heaven, which will in due time sweep them from the earth. The
time

time may come when the lilies of France shall wave their heads in triumph over the tombs of its tyrants. Long may the contest last ere Fate decides the victory to Justice. Then do not throw away that fortune which awaits you. My Adela is rich in nothing but virtues—would she had a mine for her dower, then should she own herself repaid by your heart for the exchange. I wish, as it is, that she were removed from your sight. I have often thought of soliciting the protection of the Countess of Aldborough for her. Write, and tell me you have decided as prudence directs, and that you will espouse the Spaniard. I will then remove my sister to England. Her heart is susceptible, and I doubt not, has received an impression in your favor. I would not have her be the painful witness of your giving your hand to your cousin. She shall not be made acquainted why I wish for her in England.

England. I can frame many reasons for quitting France. However, your answer shall determine me: as believe me, when I say, that the happiness of you both is equally dear to me with my own.

Your's,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

THE DUKE DE B****.

Oakhampton, Devon.

I HAVE directed my second ramble in this very singular country, where a very changeable climate, freedom of government, and a more equal distribution of wealth

wealth than is known in France, or any country under unlimited monarchy, conspire to produce a great number of *humorists*. This is a term to which there is nothing perfectly synomymous in the French language—it means a person who is very little, if at all, influenced by fashion in dress, opinions, or manner of life: who thinks for himself, and in every thing takes his own way. A humorist is, in general, a man or woman who possesses originality of genius, and at bottom a great fund of benevolence and philanthropy, under the garb of a contempt and aversion to the greater part of mankind, and the common ways of the world. For, however paradoxical it may appear, the misanthrope is commonly in reality, and certainly was, in all cases, originally a person of a social, sympathetic, and generous disposition. An excess of sensibility, arising from a nervous delicacy

delicacy of constitution, renders the misanthrope feelingly, and almost tremulously, alive to human perfections and imperfections, virtues and vices. But such is the selfishness and consequent injustice and ingratitude of the generality of mankind, that the indignation of the man of feeling is oftener provoked by unworthy and base, than his complacency called forth by good and great actions. Hence the tone of his mind, from an habitual exercise of disapprobation and contempt, assumes an air of misanthropy : while the latent spark of social sympathy and sensibility, that rendered him so vulnerable by the iniquities of his fellow men is ready to break forth in a bright flame, whenever triumphant injustice provokes his indignation, or the picture of human distress casts a veil for a time over his recollection of the great depravity of human nature.

You

You see, my friend, that I am in a philosophising strain: but, remember that I am in a country of philosophers; the country in which our MONTESQUIEU said, "a traveller might learn to think." I will now relieve you from this grave meditation, by a description of the character that gave it birth.

As in my first excursion I took a south and easterly, so in my last I pursued a south and westerly course. Having passed some days at the Hot-Wells of Bristol, I travelled, by slow and easy journies, into Devonshire; which, for mildness and salubrity of climate (being well advanced in the English channel, and open to the genial influence of southern and westerly winds) as well as for a beautiful intermixture of verdant hills and fertile plains, and abundance in all the necessaries and comforts of life,

life *, is accounted the finest province in England. Here I might attempt to communicate to your mind those delightful emotions that were produced in my mind by the natural scenery of this charming country, cloathed all the year round with never-fading verdure. But it is impossible to convey, by mere description, ideas in any degree equal to the impressions made on the mind by external objects. If they are general, the ideas they convey are very imperfect pictures, and want the discriminating and characteristic features of the original. If they are minute and accurate, you lose the united effect of a thousand circumstances, which may be perceived

* In consequence of its maritime situation between the British and St. George's Channel. This country has lately been described by the Rev. Mr. Polwhele, with the accuracy of an antiquarian, the precision of a philosopher, and the animation of a poet. This gentleman has, also, with equal felicity and propriety, called in the aid of the pencil and graving tool.

at

at once by the eye ; but which are not to be communicated at second-hand, otherwise than by detail, and that in a very inadequate manner. For this reason I have often wondered that so many travellers, persons of good sense, as well as lively genius, should fatigue themselves and the readers of their narratives with minute local descriptions. This may recall faint ideas of past impressions on their own minds, but cannot produce any just conception of those impressions in the minds of others. Such descriptions may set our fancy to work, and enable us to create scenes for our own amusement, which, however, can never be very lively : but the resemblance of these, to the original, must always be confused and unsatisfactory.

On the confines of Devonshire and Cornwall, having left my servant with the horses at a little hedge-row ale-house, I ascended a gentle but lofty

eminence ; verdant to the very summit, and studded, as it were with sheep and bleating lambs. Among other objects I was struck with the appearance of a noble mansion insulated from all hamlets, villages and towns by an immense wilderness of waste. There was not a house or cottage, in any direction, beyond the precincts of the park, in which it stood, within less than the space of five miles. This desert was a dry-heath, striped here and there with small morasses, and interspersed with trees. The farmers on the out-skirts of this vast common had a right of turning out cattle to graze on it : but it was of such extent that the sheep and cattle confined their walks within the tracts nearest to their pens and stalls, their homes in the severity of winter ; so that the central parts of this uncultivated plain, for some miles around the park, were the habitations of hares, rabbits, and various kinds of wild-fowl.

I de-

I determined to penetrate to the romantic mansion that so powerfully solicited my attention, by the striking contrast exhibited in its situation.—I returned to the hedge-row alehouse. It was by this time about twelve o'clock; I and my servant had some eggs and bacon for a refreshment; and we gave our horses bread and beer, after they had been fed for some hours with green clover. As I sat regaling myself, for I was well appetized, with this homely fare, I enquired of my landlord, who, at the same time that he kept this little inn, pursued the occupation of a shoe-maker, concerning the history of the park, and of its owner. He said that he did not know if the park had any Christian name; that it was called by the country people ARABIA; and that both house and park, with the lofty tower that stood on a height in the middle, was the work of its present proprietor, Lord Mount-

Mount-Garth : who, though he inherited estates in Hampshire, Suffex, and Norfolk, countries highly cultivated and enlivened by the residence of very gentle and noble families, to the amount of twenty thousand a year, had chosen to live in that desert place in order to avoid company, to which (though he had heard, that he was a good kind of man, at bottom, and never racked his rents or squeezed his tenants) he had conceived an insurmountable aversion.—He could tell me no farther particulars ; but said, that I might be informed of every thing, if any curiosity should lead me to Arabia, at a small inn on the road, that led to that place, and which was the only house within many miles around.—I cannot continue this letter longer at this time with convenience to myself, nor, I fear with any entertainment or patience to you : besides, the post is just

just setting out, and I am unwilling to let more time elapse without letting you hear from

Yours,

R. DE MONTFORT.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

HAVING arrived at the small inn above mentioned, we were welcomed by the landlady, a very cheerful old woman, "who supposed," she said, "that we had come to see the place."—"And why not, my good woman, the owner of the place, Lord Mount-Garth"—"Sir," said she, "you must be a great stranger

“ in this country ?”—I replied, without hesitation, “ that I was, and that I
 “ imagined she had discovered this circumstance from my foreign accent and
 “ manner of speaking.”—“ No !” said she, “ not on that account : for I have
 “ heard as strange *lingos* among our
 “ near neighbours the Cornish, the
 “ Welsh, and Gloucestershire men ;
 “ but because you talk of your having
 “ come, may-hap, to see Lord Mount-
 “ Garth, who, as is very well known
 “ to all Devonshire—Aye, and all the
 “ countries round about has not seen a
 “ stranger these twenty years.”—I confessed that it was merely to see the place
 that I had come ; and that I should be glad if I could get some person to
 shew me both the house and the garden. This she informed me would
 be easily obtained ; but before any body should be admitted within the gates, an
 hour’s warning was required by his
 Lordship,

Lordship, that he might have time to hide himself.—To hide himself! I exclaimed: and protested that I did not wish to gratify my curiosity at the expence of any degree of uneasiness or inconvenience to that nobleman.—

“Sir,” said she, “your viewing the
“house and park will give his Lord-
“ship no sort of uneasiness: on the
“contrary, it would give him much
“chagrin, if he should be informed
“that any gentleman should have taken
“a journey to see the castle, and re-
“turned, as the saying is, without his
“errand. But, as it may happen, that
“he may have strolled without the walls
“of the garden, though there is no
“great chance of that neither; it is
“necessary that he have time to make
“his retreat.”—I had not remained an
hour in various chit-chat with my hos-
tess, and her domestics (who, were all
of them her grand-children) when the

youngest of them, a fine young lad of about thirteen years old, returned from the castle accompanied by the old game-keeper, who shewed me all the place : in which there was little very remarkable, besides the immense extent of the park ; the vast desert that surrounded it ; and the height of the tower, which commanded a vast extensive prospect of distant parts, and beautiful home-view of wood and water, and variegated fields, producing crops of grain and various kinds of horses, cattle and sheep. —My Cicerone was a hale old man, as he told me, about eighty years of age, with an activity, and a cheerfulness of aspect that would not have disgraced the inhabitants of a great city at the age of forty : such are the blessed effects of innocence and regularity of life, free air and manly exercise !—After wandering and loitering about this ARABIA Felix, this paradise, for several hours,

hours, I made an offer to my good old conductor of a small pecuniary compensation for the great good humour with which he had undergone a great deal of trouble in order to oblige me. This he positively declined to accept. Lord Mount-Garth, he said, who paid all his servants with great liberality, and never turned them out of his house, either in sickness or old age, extorted from them a promise, even with the solemnity of an oath, that they would not accept from strangers the smallest sum of money—I then invited him to partake with me of such a repast, at the inn or alehouse, as it could afford; adding that this I feared would be rather indifferent.—He accepted my invitation with equal modesty and good manners—And, to my great surprize, we sat down all three; as, in travelling, I always find a disposition to wave the prerogatives of a master,

to a dinner or supper, or whatever it might be called, for it was now between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, not only far superior to what was to be expected at a country hamlet, but better than what is to be had for love or money at many great inns.

As I sat in ease and conviviality with the game keeper, I learned from him the following particulars concerning his master, which I shall give you in no other order than that in which they occurred in the course of conversation.

Lord Mount-Garth had retired from the world twenty years ago, not only within his own park, but except on very rare occasions, within his own palace and garden; which, together, occupied a space of nearly a square mile, and were surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high : against which he would amuse himself
for

for hours in playing at hand-ball ; sometimes alone, and at others accompanied by a female favourite, the only person he would suffer to come near him, or could ever bear to see, though at a distance, except one man, the son of his father's gardiner, who had been brought up with him at home from his infancy, and was exactly of the same age, being born in the same night and hour. This man had not, any more than his Lordship, been without the precincts of the park, and very seldom beyond those of the garden, for the space of thirty years. As they went into this state of voluntary confinement, which is a kind of *internal* exile at the age of twenty, they are now, of course, in the fiftieth year of their age. John, for that was the name of the man, had been educated along with his Lordship in his father's family, by a private tutor, and had acquired a competent knowledge, not only of antient

and modern languages, history, and belles lettres, but a general idea of the principles and progressive improvement in the arts and sciences. John acted in the capacity of valet de chambre, confidant, and companion; dined at the same table with his Lordship, went to bed at the same hour, and slept to the same hour precisely, and almost the same minute, rose in the morning. He was dressed precisely in the same kind of cloaths, even to the sameness of shoe buckles and sleeve buttons. If my Lord felt himself not very well, and judged it proper to take any medicine, John must take the same medicine also.—“John,” he would say, “I think we sat up rather too late last night; I think we would not be the worse of an emetic.” “I think we would be much the better of it, my Lord.”—“John, I am afraid we have rather exceeded in our refreshments for some days past, I think we

“would

“ would be none the worse of some ca-
 “ thartics.” “ I think we would be
 “ much the better of them, my Lord.”
 “ John, I think we feel somewhat of a
 “ vertigo this morning—I think we
 “ would be not the worse of a little sal
 “ volatile.” “ I think we would be much
 “ the better of it, my Lord.”—“ Have
 “ we not felt a somewhat of relaxation
 “ of nerves for some days, John?”—
 “ I protest, my Lord, on recollection,
 “ I think we have.”—“ What would
 “ you think of a dip in the cold bath?”
 “ I think, my Lord, it would do us
 “ both a great deal of good.”

This singular character, sunk in indo-
 lence and sensuality, of all things dread-
 ed cold: but as for snow he could not
 endure the sight of it. In winter he
 generally lay in bed till ten or eleven
 o'clock—about that time he would pull
 his bell—call for John—and ask him
 what kind of a day it was? “ It is a

“ very fine day, my Lord ; the sun
 “ shines out brightly, and the atmo-
 “ sphere is un sullied by a cloud.”—
 “ Why then, John, I think we would
 “ be the better of a race in the garden :”
 for it was their custom to have frequent
 races, at the end of which both parties
 were within a few feet of each other.
 “ John,—how looks the weather this
 “ morning ?”—“ Most hideously, my
 “ Lord. The sky lowers ; the feathered
 “ creation retreat to their roosts—the
 “ cats incessantly curry their hides, and
 “ flakes of snow driving before the
 “ wind, announce the coming storm.”
 “ John ; shut the doors and windows—
 “ light up a rousing fire—let candles be
 “ brought—let the pasty and cold tongues
 “ be laid on the table : and since it is a
 “ bad day, let us make good night.”

Many efforts were made by the col-
 lege acquaintance of his Lordship to see
 him ; for with all his singularities he was

an amiable and benevolent man, as well as an excellent scholar—and attached, as by a singular charm, all his acquaintance to his person. They would put up their horses at an adjoining village, and send letters to his Lordship fraught with recollections of former intimacy. His Lordship never failed to return answers replete with equal kindness, recollecting former scenes and circumstances, with expressions of the most pleasing emotions, but always declining any personal interview.

As the inn nearest his Lordship's park was but a very wretched one (for in this sequestered spot there was no encouragement for a good one) he took care always to send, on the arrival of strangers, the best provisions of all kinds, unknown to his friends, with orders to the landlord to make some trifling charge, lest he should offend their delicacy, by affording them

entertainment, when he refused them his company. His Lordship's friend was a good sort of woman : she amused herself now and then by giving suppers to the servants and the farmers' daughters in the neighbourhood, the nearest house being five miles from the Castle. He had land stewards on his different estates, all business with whom, as with every other mortal, was transacted through the medium of John, or the house-keeper.— If he had occasion to go from one quarter of the Castle or garden to another, orders were previously sent to all the servants to keep out of the way : for if he had caught any of them looking at him, he would have immediately dismissed them from his service. He had an excellent library, in which he passed a great part of his time, but into which no publication of any kind had been admitted since the year of his retirement, or sequestration from the world—being
that

that, as already mentioned, on which he left the University, having then succeeded to the estate by the death of his father. No newspapers! no magazines! no reviews! no political pamphlets! no annual registers! No, nor any conversation concerning any political or other event that had happened in Britain, or any other part of the world from the hour of his seclusion. He turned himself about and cast his eyes backward, and fixed them wholly on former times. Although, he confessed, that he had often been tempted to enquire what could be the cause, or causes of the sudden and enormous accumulation of taxes.

He was of a very gentle and peaceable disposition, and from his earliest years had a mortal aversion to every thing that wore the appearance of bustle and contention. Agreeably to his temperament,
which

which formed so great a part of his constitution and character, he had formed an early opinion, chiefly from what he saw among the neighbouring gentlemen, who lived in a state of war with one another from their political animosities, and had thence impaired, and, in some instances, wholly ruined their estates, that where there was no deficiency of fortune, the grand source of human misery was ambition. This it was his object to cut up by the roots, by *sending the world to Coventry* *, and, “conversing wholly with the dead.” Such, in substance, was the account I received of Lord Mount-Garth from his venerable old servant.—I was struck most of all, by what he related of his Lord’s want of curiosity.—For, doubt-

* A cant phrase, in England, for expressing an affected treatment of a person present, as if he were absent.

less, it is not more in human nature to indulge in researches into the past, than to enquire about the present, and even to form various conjectures and anticipations concerning the future. If I rightly understood some things that fell from my unlettered Cicerone, Lord Mount-Garth is addicted not only to the study of scriptural prophecies, but also of astrology. If this be so, his Lordship, whose mind is tranquillized by retirement and by study, is not unconcerned in future events, although it would seem that he avoids the minutiae of detail, and wishes only to seize and contemplate the grand revolutions, principles, and tempers that have governed, at different periods, or may hereafter govern the world.

The evening advanced, and darkness, beginning to close around, reminded us that we were at a great distance from any village or town where we could have any
com-

comfortable lodging for the night.— But my worthy conductor had not been inattentive to the matter. It was not lawful to receive any strangers to stay all night, though they might take a view of the park, tower, &c. in the day time. The inn, in which we now were, was on so small a scale, and so well inhabited withal, that of the beds, such as they were, not one was to be spared. The game-keeper, therefore, in a beautiful field adjoining to the little garden belonging to the inn, had erected a spacious tent or marquee, which had belonged to his Lordship's maternal uncle, an officer in the army. In this, a comfortable bed was made up for me, and another for my servant, where we slept sound till seven or eight o'clock next morning. On enquiring at our landlady's, before our departure, what we had to pay? She named a mere trifle: from which we perceived that we too, though mere strangers,

gers, as well as his Lordship's old friend, had been the objects of an hospitality delicate, generous, and disinterested.

Your's,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

MISS FITZARRAN.

Bath.

AND so you was angry with me for laughing at your father elect ! Well ; I am glad you are pleased with him. I see you have been taught the old proverb, that, "*Learning is better than house or land.*" By the bye, I hear that there is an epithalamium to be composed and a prize given to the Students of Trinity-College

College on the marriage. Remember, this is none of my invention : and, as you are displeased, I will write no more on this subject.

I thank you for the little story you gave me in your last. It is indeed an affecting circumstance. I wonder why people will be so silly as to die for love. Poor Sarah ! she wants a little of my spirit. I wish I was in Ireland. I would endeavour to inspire her with a little of it ; but it is too late I fear. I pity not her father ; but heartily wish her sufferings were at an end. Some of my lovers here threaten me with dying for me ; but I know they love themselves too well to attempt it. This Frenchman has grown greatly in my favour—he is unassuming and quiet ; a character not at all applicable to his countrymen in general. He is my beau and constant attendant. I am particular in my attentions

to

to him in public, because I wish to teize those wretches who would enslave me. He is of a grave, serious turn of mind naturally, and the present state of affairs in France render him still more serious : were it not for my spirits I should catch the contagion and grow melancholy.

Mrs. Evelyn is still gay, though what the world calls an old woman. I admire those characters, who, after their own charms are on the decline, can still mix in society, and with pleasure hear and join in the praises of young women who are daily rising into notice. This is the characteristic of Mrs. Evelyn. She is the promoter of every innocent pleasure. When any new scheme is on foot, she is the first that is applied to, to forward it. She has but one fault that I know—which is this, that she will endeavour to talk me out of my opinions. 'Tis in vain. I am going to preside as queen
of

of the day at a public breakfast given in honor of my Ladyship by old Lord M***, who is so struck with my charms that he has forgotten that he has a son who would be an absolute beggar should I prove kind and listen to his amorous tale. What would Lord P*** and Lady Mary say when I should be introduced as their mother? I am sometimes inclined to give the old beau a little encouragement, to see how far he would carry his folly. Mrs. Evelyn declares that he is serious, and that I may be Countess of M*** whenever I please. My poor friend Robert de Montfort is displeased with my accepting this entertainment. I delight in seeing the old creature made the laugh of the company. My brother, too, is angry. If he must give a breakfast let Lady P*** preside he says, who has a natural right to do so—so have I to punish every one who has it in contemplation

plation to punish me. The Count is going to leave us for a few days, as I cannot prevail on him to go to Lord M****'s. He intends making another little tour, and I am not certain but Landsford goes with him. Well, let them, I shall not want admirers, for I am assailed with as many lovers, and those I believe of as many countries, as Portia in the Merchant of Venice: but I have no casket to guide my choice, no father to say do as I will. That dear Mrs. What-do-ye-call-her, who has asserted the rights of our sex! How I adore her! Would she ever suffer herself to be sunk into a tame domestic animal? No! no! she knows, and will maintain the dignity of the sex which she has raised to a level with that of man. If ever she condescends to marry, which is next to an impossibility, she will make her own choice: as she hardly allows the men to take the lead in any thing. This is
a very

a very proper way of [managing them for their attempt at supreme command. To be a companion and play-thing, is, certainly a wonderous honor for a reasonable being to aspire to. This charming authcr of our rights should be immortalized. The wretches have been left too long to trample over us. From being our masters they are absolutely become our tyrants. Accept the good wishes of one free woman in the person of

SUSAN SPENCER.

ADELA

ADELA DE MONTFORT

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

The Castle of Montmorin.

DOUBTLESS you, my dear Robert, will be surprized to see me date my letter from this place: but your surprize will cease, when I tell you, that my dear Jacqueline St. Prieux is the Countess de Montmorin. She took that name only yesterday. May it prove a happy one: it is an engagement made too lightly I fear. This was the fault of her father, not her own; for the match was made before she was sent for from our convent. Jacqueline, wrote me frequently what was carrying on; and the Count de Montmorin, when he heard that I was her friend, request-

requested me to be present at their nuptials. This request the Duchefs de B*** thought I should comply with; and it was most pleasing to me to do so. The Count's carriage came for me, and Madame St. Prieux's woman to attend me thither. She brought letters from Jacqueline, and her lady, apologizing for their not doing so themselves: but, they were greatly taken up with necessary preparations. I took leave of the Duchefs de B***; and, Robert, excuse me, if I appear ungrateful; but, indeed, I thought the Duchefs appeared too earnest in her recommendation that I should accept the visit requested—and, also, when she took leave of me, at parting, she seemed to do so with a satisfaction that did not please me. On my quitting the room to go to the carriage, I met the Duke, who asked me where I was going in such haste: I replied, to the Castle of Salens.

He

He insisted on handing me back into the room. He did so, and said to the Duchess.—“Do you think, Madame, “it will be proper to trust Adela to “servants? Would it not be better I “saw her to Salens: I did not know “that she was going or I should have offered my service sooner.”—The Duchess said, that, as Madame St. Prieux had sent her own woman she did not see any impropriety in her going without any escort: but that the Duke might settle that etiquette; and bade me again adieu, and left the room. I assured the Duke how sensible I was of his kindness; but, that there was not the smallest necessity for his going. However, he insisted, and ordering his horses to follow him, conducted me to the Castle of Salens. We were both received most politely by Mr. and Madame St. Prieux, and I most affectionately by Jacqueline. The Duke is acquainted

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quainted with the Count de Montmorin, who would not suffer him to depart until he had promised to spend some days next week at Montmorin Castle.

The remainder of the day was spent in preparation. I did not see much of the Count de Montmorin, as Jacqueline retired early, and supped in her dressing-room. She appeared more to endeavour to be chearful, than really to be so. They were united yesterday morning, about nine o'clock in the chapel at Salens; and we immediately set out for Montmorin. They had before intended to stay here two or three days after their marriage; but the Count requested them to go with him then, and said, that he would spend a few days at Salens, in his way to Paris on their return. The Countess, the Count and Madame St. Prieux and myself were in the Count's carriage; Mr. St. Prieux and their chaplain in
3 his

his own: the female servants in another. We arrived at Montmorin before dinner, where the utmost splendor awaited us. The Count had been most profuse in preparing his entertainment. The house seemed as decorated to receive a little Princess instead of my Jacqueline. I need not describe this chateau to you, Robert, as I find you have been often here with our dear father; this has endeared the place to me, and rendered it quite familiar. I steal this moment to inform you where I am whilst the Countess is dressing, as we are not to see any company here, and the Count is waiting to conduct us through the house and grounds; which seem to be very extensive. I expect a line soon, remember that you, Robert, are all to your

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

THE DUKE DE B****

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

I WISH you were here, my friend. I never wanted your society so much as at the present time : I am displeased with myself and every one about me ; I have refused my fair cousin, peremptorily refused her : of course I am not on good terms with my mother : the only object, on which my thoughts rested with pleasure, is gone : Yes, Adela is gone ; and this place is as a desert. Where your sister is, I know she has informed you, as she wrote to you the day she arrived at Montmorin. I go thither to-morrow to spend a week. This thought reconciles me to myself. There I shall be at liberty to see, to speak to Adela without reserve. This
could

could not be done whilst she was with my mother. Do not be alarmed, Robert; not a word of the passion which she has inspired shall escape my lips. Then, why not speak on any other subject without reserve before the Duchess, you will say? Why? Because my mother wishing my affections to be placed where she had pointed, was jealous of common civilities and attentions to every other person, knowing how much I adored your sister above all her sex. I was more reserved to her, than to any other woman, and I hardly ever saw her but in the presence of my mother. I conducted Adela to Salens. I never saw a more interesting object than the Countess de Montmorin. She was handsome, you remember when we saw her in the convent: but three years have transformed the unfinished girl into the accomplished woman. I wish you had remained in France, and had

seen Jacqueline St. Prieux again : then would you never sigh for a proud coquet; for such is the woman who has possession of your heart. Leave her, Robert! Leave her whilst you can. I know too well the danger you are in.

You wish to know how I came to an explanation with my mother. As soon as I returned from conducting your sister to Salens, she sent for me to her dressing-room, enquired how I had left Adela, and then said, she wished to speak to me on the subject of another female. She then enquired what was my opinion with regard to her niece, Lady Theresa. I told her that I entertained the highest respect for that lady. "Respect!" said she, "and is that the only sentiment with which she has inspired you." I said, "indeed I must acknowledge it was ; and that I could never bring my mind to look upon Lady Theresa
in

“ in the light she wished I should, or that
 “ I myself wished to do in conformity
 “ with her desire of our union, which
 “ could never take place.” “ My son,”
 replied she, “ has disposed of his affec-
 “ tions without my knowledge, and to
 “ whom I think I am not unacquainted.
 “ Would you render the daughter of
 “ your deceased and revered friend
 “ miserable ? for such she would be if
 “ united to you.” “ Madame,” replied
 I, “ I do not think that happiness consists
 “ solely in fortune, or we should not see
 “ so many wretched who possess her
 “ gifts.” She then said, she had sup-
 posed I had more regard to her than to
 reject an alliance that would restore the
 fallen dignity of our house ; and that a
 union with Lady Theresa Guzman might
 not be despised by any of our no-
 blesse. “ That I was sensible of the
 “ honor, and also pained to refuse it,”
 I assured her ; “ that the fallen dignity
 0101W I 4 “ of

“ of our house might yet be restored
 “ with that of our Prince—but that my
 “ happiness could never return if I gave
 “ my hand without my heart ; that I had
 “ more respect for her Ladyship and for
 “ herself.” She then cut short the conversation by desiring me to think again before she wrote to her brother Don Guzman, as by my persisting in the refusal she should be for ever offended. She then left the room.

I did not think she had been in possession of the secret of my heart; but I cannot say that I am sorry for it, as it will render all farther deception unnecessary.

I shall set out for the Castle of Montmorin in the morning, without informing the Duchess any thing farther than that I am going to leave Lausanne for a few days to visit a friend. If I told her
 where

where I intended going I might meet with another lecture. I saw Lady Theresa at dinner yesterday. She looked most maliciously pleased, when she said, "Really we are quite dull without

" Madame Montfort—don't you think

" so, Sir?—but you look so dull that it

" is impossible to doubt but you feel her

" absence as severely as we all do."

Her old duenna and aunt, Isabella, said,

" I do not find any loss, as she by no

" means pleased me. She is too affected

" and too proud. People who are poor

" should avoid affectation, and be humble. I had some intention, on my

" first coming here, to request my sister

" to let her return with me into Spain,

" but I have almost given up the

" thought." My mother replied, "that

" she thought that Adela might be very

" useful to her sister, and that her

" beauty and accomplishments might,

" as she was of a noble family, get

I 5

" her

“ her a husband in Madrid.” I considered myself, whilst this conversation was carrying on by my good-natured relations, as a mark set up at which every one was at liberty to shoot their malice. Your pride will revolt when you read to what insults your sister’s unprotected situation is exposed. Let her, in me, find a natural protector. Do you not say your father entertained thoughts of such a union once with pleasure? We were then equal—so we are now. My estates are seized, Robert, by the mad rulers of the land. My whole fortune at present consists in plate, and some family jewels which I removed with myself from France. My mother has a considerable property in Spain in the hands of her brother. This I may never possess, if I refuse, as I have, and ever shall do, the hand of her niece.— Say that your sister shall decide for herself, and that if I gain her affection, you
will

will approve our union. This you may perhaps call consummate vanity. I have read her heart by my own—I have studied the language of eyes, and consider myself well read in them. This has flattered my hopes; but I am going to Montmorin, where I shall hear, see, and think only of Adela. She goes to Madrid! The thought distracts me. I thank you for your account of your tour—make another. I entreat you—leave Bath—I think I shall see you soon.

Yours,

DE B***.

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MRS. MORTIMER

TO

THE COUNTESS OF ALDBOROUGH.

Audley Park.

I RECEIVED my dear Countess's letter with much pleasure, and I congratulate you upon the Earl's coming of age. I hear he is considered as a promising young man ; and I think with you that you are greatly indebted to the care and attention of Mr. Hoare in forming him such as he is ; for the present dissipation of our youth is growing to a serious evil, and loudly calls for the attention of all parents. I am most truly thankful that my son was educated before the loose style of manners, now prevalent, was adopted. My daughter's education you know I took all upon myself, and amply has she rewarded me for the trouble.

Indeed

Indeed I cannot justly call it so, for I never beheld her improvements but with sincere delight. She is now pursuing the same task I have formerly done, and I don't doubt but her efforts will be crowned with equal success. Most truly sorry am I, my very good friend, to find that you have any alloy to your present happiness in the mistaken notions Lady Susan has imbibed whilst with her grand-mother. She endeavoured to inspire you with her notions of pride and self-consequence. But natural good sense, joined to a truly feminine disposition, defeated her attempts on your mind. Lady Susan possesses, I fear, too much of that hauteur, without which Lady Grantham would have been truly amiable. I would not say so much, but that we have often lamented together this unamiable trait in her character.

I in-

I intend visiting London in a few months, which will no doubt surprise you. The reason of this determination is, that I have some expectations of a visit from my nephew, the Count de Montmorin. You know that my sister Emma married the father of this gentleman, and that I once made a visit to Paris. We corresponded at that time—therefore I am sure you must know the circumstance. The Count writes to me that he is just new married, and that he has an inclination to bring his bride to England. Perhaps his affairs in France may render this step both prudent and necessary. However, I do not know if this is so or not—but I wish to pay him proper respect as my deceased sister's son. I shall take a large ready-furnished house, in order to accommodate them, and already contemplate with pleasure our meeting. This is greatly heightened when I reflect that you and I shall personally

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sonally renew a friendship that has been dear to us both through life, and will, I trust, continue to its end. I shall conclude, as usual,

Your affectionate

CHARLOTTE MORTIMER.

LADY SABINA SOMERVILLE

TO

COLONEL SOMERVILLE

Somerville Lodge.

YOU do not know how severely I suffer in your absence. I hear every day that your army is on the eve of an action; and this brings with it such
terrific

terrific ideas, that I am not able to bear them. I find my health sink under the pressure. I have just had a visit from my mother—she staid three days with me. This made me as happy as any circumstance in your absence could. Susan and Landsford are gone to Bath on a visit to Mrs. Evelyn. They were accompanied by the Count de Montfort. I know you have often heard Landsford mention him with many encomiums—I do assure you that he is deserving of them all. He is a very sensible well-informed young man, without the smallest tincture of that foppery and affectation with which most of the young men of distinction I have seen of that nation are deeply tinged. Susan, I see, has marked him out to play off some of her systematical follies upon. I told her that he had too much sense to be made a fool of by her: she replied, “that she
 “ only wanted to convince him that
 “ women

“women were entitled to all the rights
 “of rational beings,”—which is, in
 plain English, to allow her to tyrannise
 over him. I am truly sorry for this
 propensity in her. I wish it were possible
 to convince her of the absurdity of it.
 Do you know that Mr. Hoare is about
 quitting our family? This I am hurt at
 on many accounts, as he was very useful
 to my mother, and I do believe that
 he was some restraint upon Lady Susan
 herself, who, you know, does not allow
 man to be her superior—nay, hardly her
 equal. I intend to write to her on this
 subject. I am very attentively perusing
 her favourite author, and perhaps may
 be able to refute some of her arguments.
 I am very thankful for your last letter—
 it is my constant cordial against low
 spirits, (or indeed to speak with more
 propriety) the remedy I use for remov-
 ing them. You are afraid that I shall
 be excluded from society, if I persist in
 my

my determination of not seeing company in your absence. I shall not mind that greatly when you return, as we can easily supply the unmeaning compliments of those who are called friends. There is a rumour abroad that Lady Fitzarran is more than partial to Mr. Harrowby; nay, that she is determined to give him her hand. I think him truly deserving of that honor: and it is an honor, not derived solely from her rank in life, but from her many virtues. I was told by my mother (who is greatly hurt at the supposition that Lady Fitzarran should stoop so low as her sons' tutor) that her children would accept him as a father, who has ever been their best friend, without any reluctance. I greatly disapprove this false opinion of my mother, and in opposition to it I pointed out a passage in a favourite author * of

* Rousseau.

her own, which runs thus, “the respectable capacity of a preceptor requires so many talents which are not to be paid for, so many virtues which have no price set upon them, that it is in vain to think of procuring one by means of money. It is from a man of genius only that we can expect the talents of a preceptor—it is from the heart of an affectionate friend alone that we can hope to meet with the zeal of a parent ; and genius is not to be sold any more than attachment.”

In Mr. Harrowby all these requisite qualities seem to be united—then how can Lady Fitzarran be blameable? May merit ever be crowned with such rewards!

My little shrubbery begins to bloom : I have dedicated much of my time to it—and am pleased to see it has not been bestowed in vain. My mother would persuade me to go to London with her. I am not inclined to do so, although quite

quite alone. General and Mrs. Harcourt are in Grovesnor-square. Lady Trentown is gone; so I shall be left to taste the true beauties of spring, whilst they only dream of it, or view its shadow in a few faded shrubs brought from a hot-house.

I have, this instant, got a letter from Susan, who (as she expresses herself) is "leading apes in Bath." Robert de Montfort has left them for a few days to explore the adjacent country. This does not please my sister I can see. Adieu, my dear William—be careful of yourself, for the sake of

Your's,

SABINA SOMERVILLE.

THE

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EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

I HAVE expected your return for so many days, that I now begin to give you up. Are you so enamoured of the beauties of nature, as to forget the fair ones here who sigh for your return? I do believe, that the heretofore incorrigible Susan is amongst the languishing beauties. She does not own it; but, by her enquiries, I perceive she is not pleased with your absence. Return now, and I will take a trip with you at some future day. I have actually lost my heart, Robert; but to whom I am yet unacquainted. This you will think strange—But so it is.—A few days ago, as I was returning from the pump-room,

room, a carriage passed me in entire
 sable, as also were its attendants : they
 stopped at the first inn, and ordered
 horses in haste. This was immediately
 complied with. Whilst this business
 was performing two ladies alighted, one
 of whom was of the finest form and
 features. Her dress became her, being
 long flowing robes of black bombazine :
 she had no hat on, and her hair of
 auburn, flowed carelessly over a fore-
 head and neck of alabaster. I stood
 transfixed to the spot until the ladies re-
 turned, and then no servant being ready
 I offered my hand to assist them in
 ascending the coach ; for which I was
 very politely thanked by an old lady,
 who remained in the coach, and whom
 I suppose to be their mother. Before I
 could reach any of the servants to
 make enquires, the postillions were
 mounted, and they were soon, with their
 retinue, out of sight. I then applied
 to

to the master of the house, who told me that he was just come in and had not seen them, but that he would go and interrogate his servants. These fellows who have a natural stupidity about them, had never asked any questions. They heard one of the men say, they were not to stop until they arrived in London. Now this is all I can find out, which is next to nothing. I shall hope to be more successful yet; for so much beauty can never be buried in obscurity; I am not like most of the young men of the present day, who are determined against matrimony and consider it as the last act of folly. I look up to it as a state in which I am to experience much permanent happiness. I really think that many married people with whom I am acquainted, create their own misery. They set out frequently perfectly indifferent to each other, and by their mutual conduct soon convert their

their indifference into disgust; which might have been turned into a softer passion.—Or, if they marry with affection for each other; then they form such extravagant ideas of love, that they never fancy that they receive attentions enough from each other. Thus they torment themselves; you and I, Robert, will be rational husbands, and not expect impossibilities. My sister is tired of Bath, and talks of going to join my mother in town. Sabina is to stay a few weeks in London, if Lady Aldborough can persuade her to leave her retirement. I wish she was single. She is the woman who would have made you happy, Robert: I ought not to wish her single neither, except for your sake; for she is happy to her utmost wish with Somerville. I wish he were returned, as you could not fail to esteem him. We have been friends from boys, and have formed the idea of
being

being brothers even whilst in petticoats. Here is nothing here worth relating : a constant succession of folly ; dowagers, who want husbands, and gamblers who want fortunes ; old men who would be young ones, and young men who effect to be old and knowing.—Here are letters lying for you : come and peruse them.

Your's,

LANDSFORD.

MISS FITZARRAN

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

Black Rock.

IT is determined that we are not to meet this winter as we stay here, and I

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know that you will not trust yourself upon an element as fickle as your ladyship.

We are not to remain fixed to this spot, but to make different excursions as we are much in debt on the score of visiting. I almost begin to give credit to the rumour which you informed me was abroad in London. I do think it probable, that my mother entertains serious intentions concerning Mr. Harrowby. Since your hints I have observed my mother's conduct more seriously; and think you justified in your opinion. I own myself a little mortified; not at Lady Fitzarran's choice, but at her want of confidence in me. Yet, when I am inclined to be candid, I must allow that she has a very delicate and difficult part to act. She is able to act with propriety in almost any situation. I think she has lately made several efforts to speak with me on this sub.

subject: but though I have endeavoured to lead to it often; yet, she has checked herself. Mr. Harrowby talks of leaving us very soon; I don't know how to reconcile this. If my mother does entertain thoughts of marrying again, he is the man who, I think, deserves her. I ever did respect him as a parent, and shall find no difficulty in adding an additional portion of regard on the present occasion.

Yesterday was consigned to the grave the remains of Sarah S****. Her restoration to health was hardly to be wished by those who witnessed the severe struggles she sustained, with great calmness and fortitude, in the firm belief of being united in death to her beloved Alfred. The Dean is inconsolable. Hardly any one is sorry for him. Ambition was the ladder on which he would have mounted though he crushed the nearest and dearest

blossom in fixing it. May every interested and unfeeling parent meet the same fate. I shall be glad to change the scene for a little time. The untimely fate of my earliest friend will obtrude on my mind as I cast my eyes across the road towards her house, which, now totally shut up in front, presents a gloomy and melancholy prospect.

Miss Miller declares that she will not stay with me if I don't enliven my society a little. No beaus, nor balls! She thought Ireland was famed for its gaiety. So it is—but though the character of the country may be such, private individuals cannot help assuming a serious aspect as serious situations present themselves. France was a gay nation, but now *Vive la guillotine!* succeeds *Vive la bagatelle!* But I hope, as on the one hand we are not so gay as the French were, so we shall never arrive at such an extreme

of fullness and of cruelty. You are at Bath, consequently in the heart of fashion and mirth. Pray what have you done with your Count de Montfort and Lord Landsford?—They, I hear, were your attendants. To the Earl the ladies will be particularly attentive. As Plutus, not Venus, often directs the shafts of the little god, he will look out for some overgrown fortune; and, having the estate in possession, will overlook all incumbrances with which it may be charged. We have one of these golden harvests in our neighbourhood. The lady is approaching towards her fortieth year; but has all the affectation of a young girl of fifteen; and, I do assure you, is surrounded by more lovers than falls to the lot of most ladies of that age. Now, if Lord Landsford has a mind to cross St. George's channel, and, like another Jason, bear off the golden fleece, he

K 3

will

will bring over a strong recommendation in his title. Consult him on this subject. If he declines, perhaps the Frenchman may not be so nice. I should like to present Miss O'Hara to you as a sister.

Pray, what is Lady Sabina doing in the absence of Sommerville? I wish we were near neighbours. My mother always mentions her ladyship whenever she speaks of a truly amiable character. Here is an old old baronet, who has, I think, fixed his affections on my fair visitor.—He is not more than sixty, and boasts that he can drink his three bottles of claret and afterwards walk to his bed-chamber; whilst the flimsy heads, of the present race, sink under the table. I have promised to urge the suit of Sir Ulic O'Neale. Anne, laughs at me when I expatiate on the charms of her lover's five thousand per annum; and,

and, says that an aching heart, and a fine house have no charms for her : content and a cottage are preferable. But, if Sir Ulic is really serious in his *tendresse*, I shall be so in my importunity to her not to cast aside the favours of fortune, though they may come in a questionable shape. She is not possessed of more than three or four thousand pounds; and the liberality of her mind would make her poor if she was even Lady O'Neale. Besides, as the baronet is an old man, she may pursue your system, and govern instead of being governed. Adieu, we are going to Dublin for letters, where I hope to find one from you.

Your's

FRANCES FITZARRAN.

200 ROBERT AND ADELA.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

TO

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

Bath.

THINK not, my dearest sister, that you have been once absent from my memory : though I have not written to you ; you are, though in a distant country, my constant companion. I hold in imagination frequent conversations with you ; and whenever a pleasant scene presents itself, I wish my Adela a partaker of it with her brother. I need not tell you that I was received in a most friendly manner by the Earl of Landsford, the Countess his mother, and Lady Susan and Lady Sabina his sisters. The latter is married to a Colonel in the army, who is on service in Flanders.

How

How should I delight in gaining the protection and friendship of Lady Somerville for you. She is just what I picture you would be, if in the same situation. The Countess is a truly well-bred amiable woman. Lady Susan Spencer is of the first order of female beauty. She possesses much excentricity of mind, and whimsicallity of manners; has wit, and I am certain good sense. In short, Adela, the happiness or misery of your brother is in this woman's possession:—I may call her my fate. Sometimes I think that she is not indifferent to my attentions: at others, I form a totally contrary opinion. Had our house continued flourishing as I remember it, Robert de Montfort might have aspired to the daughter of the renowned Earl of Aldborough without a blush. But a degraded noble, lost equally to fortune and his country; there is a meanness in my pre-

K 5

tensions

tensions I cannot bear to think upon. Some of the princes of England might be proud to receive her hand. And shall an emigrant, taken into the family in friendship, presume to hope that his proposal would not be treated with contempt? Proposals! what proposals could I make? It were best I fly—I have attempted to do so more than once on a pretence of viewing the country and manners of the people: but I have returned and found myself as much in love as ever.

You will be surprized that I write so much about myself, and never enquire what you are doing; but this will cease when I inform you, that I have heard all this from our friend the Duke de B***, with whom I correspond as you will suppose. He, too, is a subject of sorrow to me. What will become of that high spirit which has descended to him from his illustrious ancestors now that

that he is deprived of his fortune, as I hear from him is the case? Can he condescend to ask, who has only been used to bestow so liberally? I know that the Duchess has formed a plan of an union for him with the Lady Theresa Guzman, to which he is averse. We were all educated together—Then, as I am absent, do you endeavour to persuade him to comply with the wishes of his mother. 'Tis a debt you owe the family, who have received, and now protect you, when your brother is unable. Point out to him the dreadful situation to which he may be reduced, should he refuse his cousin. Tell him that change of country would but augment his misery—Pity is a sentiment of which neither he nor I would wish to be the object. This is sometimes uttered in a strain of contempt from the unfeeling; indeed, even where it is not meant, one is apt to construe what is

intended perhaps otherwise into a slight, as I sometimes feel severely. Instead of pride sinking with fortune, as the one decreases the other sometimes rises. I know my sister will feel all I wish she should, and will endeavour, though it may be a difficult task, to make de B*** attend to his interest.

I once entertained thoughts of requesting you to come to England; but the difficulty of finding a proper situation for you, has, as yet, left me undecided. I could not bear to see you treated with neglect, as I have observed the case with some Ladies who were of high quality in France. Lady Susan Spencer asks much about you, and why I will not bring you to her. This would be improper; I should not hesitate would Lady Sabina Sommerville make the request. She lives quite a recluse in the absence of her husband, receiving only the

the visits of her family. There is a delicacy and propriety in this which is quite charming.—There is so much pleasure in the recollection of having acted as one ought, though some sacrifices are made to this, that I wonder so many are led to commit errors. You will see, by the date, that I am at Bath, a place where the people of England, and, indeed those of other countries, go to drink the waters which are of great efficacy in many cases. Not only the sick resort to this place but the healthy, and above all, the indolent. It is the resort of gamblers and fortune-hunters of every denomination ; old ladies who want young husbands are here in abundance. Landsford tells me, that many of them after marriage, both males and females, find themselves equally duped. I intend setting off to-morrow on a ramble into some part of the country. Pray make my best compliments of congratulation

tulation to the Count de Montmorin, and his fair bride your friend, Lady Susan informs me, that they are expected in England very soon. I suppose that this must be some mistake. Adieu,

My dear sister,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

THE DUKE DE B****

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

The Castle of Montmorin.

I MAY say, that I have spent this week most agreeably. I have hardly thought on the subject of past misfortunes ;

tunes ; so much have I been occupied with present pleasure.

The Countess de Montmorin is a lovely woman ; nay she is more, she is an interesting one. I wonder how she came to marry the Count : there does not appear to me any trait in his character that could attract or gain the affections of so much simplicity and innocence. Vanity might have induced many to give their hand to his wealth ; but this could not be the motive in the present instance. However, the Count seems most happy. His young bride looks as she should do ; but not quite as I should wish my wife to do. There is evidently a constraint in her manner when the Count is present that totally disappears when she is alone with Adela and myself. Her father left us yesterday, at which Adela told me his daughter was not displeased. He is a
four,

four, morose man, who seems to be always uneasy when all are happy around him.—Adela says, he always treated her friend with restraint and severity. Any man who could be harsh to the most gentle being on earth, must be a savage in disposition. We have not seen any visitors but such as were on terms of great familiarity, and therefore could scarcely be termed such. Our time has been spent *en famille*. Adela has treated me as she would Robert. This confidence has delighted me, and raised me above all misfortunes. Marry Theresa Guzman with Adela Montfort in my heart! Would this be like a descendant of the family of B***? and can Robert de Montfort advise it? Would he act in this manner? No, no. Nor will I. A letter is at this moment lying before me from my mother requesting my immediate return to Lausanne, in order to return a suitable answer.

swer to Don Guzman: that is, to tell him that I will love, and marry his daughter. The one is out of my power, and the other not in my inclination. I have asked the advice of Adela on this subject. This you will blame me for. Are you not anxious to know what she advised? I'll tell you. She said that she thought my present situation too delicate for her inexperience to give an opinion? Besides, she had received so many favours from the Dutchess, and was so interested for the happiness of myself, that it was impossible for her to say any thing. Her last sentence said all I wished; that she was interested in my happiness. She always speaks with propriety, and will ever act properly. So none of your Roman virtue: be as you ever were and ever shall be, my first and nearest friend. Let me call your sister mine: my mother loves her, and, but for a little female ambition,

would

would acknowledge the justice of my choice. Was not our union planned and talked of by both families in more auspicious times? Alteration of circumstances cannot alter the affections. I shall not wait your answer; but mean directly, when this letter is finished, to sit down and answer my mother, and to inform her how impossible it is to fulfil her wishes with regard to the Lady Theresa, her niece. This done, I shall not return to Lausanne, but shape my course another way, of which I am at present undetermined; but I shall leave a direction if I quit this place; as indeed I certainly shall before your answer arrives. Therefore write to me, as in the absence of Adela, your letters are my only consolation. The ladies are out together on a ramble in the wood, which surrounds this enchanting place. The Count and myself are employed in writing letters. I think he is too often thus employed:

more

more so than I should be, were I just married. Perhaps he has not quite so ardent a mind as I have; and it may be more for his peace that he has not. Adieu. A courier is just arrived from Paris with dispatches for the Count.

Your's,

DE B***.

THE

THE DUKE DE B***

TO THE

DUTCHESS DE B***.

MADAM,

Montmorin.

TO deviate in the smallest degree from your wishes, gives me pain; yet, when they militate so much against my own happiness, I think I can promise myself your indulgence. The Lady Theresa, in having the honor of being your niece, claims a particular regard from me, which I shall always be ambitious to pay. I am sorry to add, that my affections are not so obedient as my duty to you may demand.

You, madam, have always taught me,
that

that true nobility consisted in a strict adherence to the sentiments of justice and honour. Both of these must be violated, were I so far to forget myself, as to sacrifice a sense of probity to an interested motive. My fortune being lost, I have the more reason to keep my actions unsullied. I know your motives, madam, in promoting this union, but believe me, that the end would not be answered were your wishes complied with. Then, do not persist in urging me to appear in a character before you so different from my nature; and I hope you will do me the justice to say, so very different from my former habits.

It would be improper for me to suggest what should be said in answer to your brother's letter to you. I am truly sensible of the honor intended me, and also sorry that it is not within my power
to

to accept it. Deception I always thought below me to practise; and to do so with you would be criminal. Know then that my affections are most irrevocably fixed. From what passed at our last meeting, it is unnecessary to point to your penetrative eye the object. She has virtues that may adorn any station; and the want of fortune only renders them more conspicuous; your parental affection, madam, gets the better of the natural goodness of your heart. Perhaps you may not readily subscribe to this. But I hope that however in this instance I may disappoint you, I am still worthy of being your son; in which hope, I subscribe myself,

Affectionately your's,

DE B***.

ADELA

ADELA DE MONTFORT

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

I KNOW my brother's feelings too well to think myself neglected because he did not write. I heard from the Duke de B*** that you were well, and was satisfied, that the first time you found yourself at all at ease I should hear from you.

I thank you for the description of the amiable family, into which luckily you have been cast, on the first setting out from your native country. But oh, my more than brother! where will your Adela find a friend? There is some-

thing whispers to me that it is not proper to return to Laufanne. I cannot explain why I think so; as the Dutches has ever treated me with the tenderness of a mother. There was a something in our last interview, to which I cannot give a name: yet I felt the change, though it was more in manner than in words. Forgive me, I am to blame even to hint at any thing disagreeable, when I cannot give it a name. The Lady Therésa Guzman, of whom you write, is particularly disagreeable to me. There is a certain *hauteur* and malignity about her which is extremely disgusting. You request me, in return for favours received, to speak to the Duke on the subject of his union with his cousin. Robert, could you once see this lady, you would not make that request. I know your friendship for the Duke. He once honoured me so far as to ask my opinion on the subject. This I

did not give, as I would not in the least degree be instrumental in giving pain to the good Duchefs. I could die with pleasure to ensure their happiness.

Would it not be better that I returned to the Convent of St. Clair? I was not formed with spirits sufficient to combat with the world. Every thing alarms me. The peaceful serenity of a monastic life is what I wish. The world is uninterested about me, and I shrink from it with pleasure. Madame Adeline our superior, will receive me kindly, and I shall remove some anxiety from the breast of him who is now every thing to me; brother, father, and friend.

That your affections are placed on a worthy object, I am most thankful to the supreme disposer of events. May

the soothe all your sorrow into peace, and may each succeeding year bring an increase of happiness. My prayers shall ever be directed to heaven for this purpose.

Write not again to the Duke on the subject of his marriage: he told me that his affections were irrevocably fixed! I did not suspect this, until he himself told me so. I did not presume to ask him on whom, nor can I guess; perhaps you may.

I have spent a most agreeable fortnight with my friend Jacqueline. The Duke leaves us to-morrow.

The Count has had a courier from Paris, where his presence is necessary; all is anarchy. The Countess and I are to remain here until his return; as he does not think it safe to take my
friend

friend until he sees what reception she may expect. Dont fear that I shall think of accompanying her thither. This place being so nearly on the confines of Switzerland, I am safe here : but I have often trembled for the Duke, who has gone by a feigned name ever since he first arrived.

Let me know immediately how you would wish me to act. If you wish me to return to the Duchess de B***, only say so, and I will go to Lausanne directly. If not, tell me how I shall inform her Grace of my intentions, as I would not wish to fail in any manner in the respect that I owe to this excellent woman, who was the friend of my reverend parents, and has since been the protector of their daughter.

Monfieur de Salens and his Lady, have often paid us a visit here. I can-

not like either of these people, though I wish to do so on account of their relationship to the Countess; who I fear, Robert, is not as happy as I could wish, though she endeavours to appear so. It is a mystery to me why she was married in so much haste. The Count has solicited me to remain with them in the most polite and obliging terms: but I cannot think of this. I have too proud a spirit I fear, and poverty has not subdued it.

I am quite pleased with the character of the Duchess of Aldborough's married daughter, Lady Sabina, and should be happy were I in England to have such a friend. In short, I love and respect them all as the friends of my dear Robert. As the family in which his future happiness rests, may that be secured is the wish of his

Affectionate

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

I OUGHT to begin this epistle with a formal declaration, saying, that I know I am acting in violation of the extreme delicacy of my sex, and all the absurd train of nonsense that follows, &c. surely it was not ordained that we were never to write to an unmarried man, until we ourselves were married: and that no friendship can exist without matrimony. Why should not you and I speak and write as freely, as my brother

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ther

ther Landsford and you? I am determined it shall be so. I will be the first female who dares to be free. A licentious woman I should despise; but a thinking one I always admire. Whilst we have the power to think, we should have the freedom to act according to the result of reason. This is *our* privilege as much as mans. I might frighten one of our dull countrymen; but I write to an enlightened mind; and I will believe, that he thinks with me, that we are by education too much restrained. I am really ashamed to find myself making an apology for doing what I think right.

My letter was intended to enquire what you are doing, and why so long absent? and to request that you will return, if you design to have the honor of escorting me from this place, of which I am heartily tired. The women
are

are so insipid, and the men so troublesome! Then the good old lady of the house is so continually talking of decorum and propriety, that she has frightened away Lady Bell Lawless from the house: and she was the only creature tolerable in Bath. Mrs. Evelyn was ready to faint the other morning, because Lady Bell and I talked of learning to play at cricket. It is an exercise, the men say, that gives strength to the body, and that consequently must give vigour to the mind. It is our foolish puerile amusements that make such insignificant creatures of our women. The females of France were more accomplished than those England, because they were less feminized, if you will allow the expression: they conversed with men of genius from their cradles, and were thought fit to assist at their meetings, where subjects both of philosophy and metaphysics were discussed.

Still I wander from what I want to inform you of. This is, that *my brother*, a lordly man, is in love, caught by a black gown; auburn locks; and a white hand. Yet he is a reasonable being: one who is to guide us weak women. This is a term I cannot bear; it is a disgrace to the sex. I suppose you will return with a store of knowledge collected from boors. Adieu mon amie.

SUSAN SPENCER.

THE

THE EARL OF LANDSFORD

TO

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

Bath.

HASTEN your return my good friend, as I want to quit this place of nonsense and insipidity. I have also prevailed on my sister to go to London. And as women do not continue in the same minds, (this character which they give of themselves cannot be unjust) I would profit by it.

I have not heard a word by which I can find out the fair mourner. I hope she is not a widow, as I am a miser in

L 5

love

love. There was a delicate timidity about her that spoke her as yet unmarried. Perhaps it was a father for whom she wore that charming, bewitching dress. The ladies of the present day so absolutely insist on admiration, that I cannot bring myself to give them even what is their due. I never saw but one woman who gave me a just idea of female delicacy, and she is my own sister, Sabina, I mean : were she unmarried I would not say so, even to you Robert. I hear from my mother that your sister is soon expected in England. Of this you are informed by herself. If it be so, I think I mentioned this in my last, but am not quite certain.

You have, doubtless, explored all the beauties of Devon and Somersetshire ; have conversed with every pretty rosy milk-maid ; and hoary headed swain in your way. Your curiosity being satiated,

tiated, I hope to see you at Bath shortly.

Have you heard lately from our friend de B***. I did expect that he would have favoured me with a line, but I doubt not but his mind is much agitated by the passing scene in France. You mentioned a marriage that was proposed by the Duchefs, his mother. De B*** is the last man I should ever have thought likely to take a recommended wife. There is something repugnant to my feelings, in the idea of either a man or woman's marrying because it is convenient to do so. When I marry (and many a long year it will be first) I will make my own choice, nor shall interest have a voice in my decision. This I am sure is your sentiments also. I really often wonder how our females of fashion ever get husbands; but the frequent divorces that disgrace

our courts of law, easily remove my surprise, and fix my detestation on the folly and avarice of parents, who barter their childrens happiness for a few paltry acres to those estates, already more than sufficient for all the luxuries of life. To live happily myself, and see a numerous and flourishing tenantry around me, will be my ambition ; to decrease where racked, not to raise the rents of my farmers will be the object at which I will aim. In short to live at home, as our ancestors used to do, should be the aim of our nobility. It was crowding to the court, and neglecting every thing for the smile of a prince that brought France into the horrid anarchy and convulsion with which it now labours. I may say this to you Robert, as your family was an example to the contrary. Your father maintained patriarchal purity, with the dignity and grandeur of true nobility. I have

have often heard him declaim against the servility of those, who could not live out of the corrupted atmosphere of Paris. My steward wrote to me yesterday, advising me to raise the rents of some farms, whose leases were nearly expired; this he thinks, will be recommending himself, but I have answered, by desiring him to let them again at the same rate. I shall not gain the good opinion of my tenants by an act of oppression. I will be their friends, not their master.

Lady Bell Lawless is at my elbow, and will not suffer me to write one sentence more, than that I am

Your friend,

LANDSFORD.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

A LETTER from your ladyship has so raised me in my own opinion, that I think myself competent to judge on almost any subject, except where you are in question. Impropropriety can never be ascribed to you: therefore, an apology for the honor done to me, was not at all necessary. That you will allow me to call you by the name of friend is another act of condescension, for which I shall be most truly grateful. Indeed, Lady Susan, you will make me vain. I fear I have a weak head; for a very little prosperity would render me giddy, and unworthy of your attention.

You

You are so good as to enquire what I am doing.—I must answer nothing at all. Time is lost to me, when it does not allow me to see your ladyship. To think of you has been my chief employment. We are all allowed to think of Heaven, though we may not approach it unbidden : I have just received your summons and shall attend it instantly. I am not surprized that Lord Landsford has lost his heart so suddenly ; he is possessed of much sensibility, and I always thought that it would be Chance that would decide his fate. You wonder at a man's being sensible to the power of beauty. I think, if he were not, this would be no proof of his being a reasonable being.

Since I have lost sight of Bath, and the amiable society in which I was so happy, I am become melancholy. I hardly dare to give myself time to think.

I hear

I hear that there are some regiments of emigrants to be raised in Britain. If so, I shall offer my services. The sword of the Montforts has been drawn to avenge the wrongs of France : now it will have double edge when unsheathed to avenge the wrongs of her sons. There is only one object that prevents me from offering my services immediately. This is a sister whose extreme innocence and unprotected situation renders me undetermined : Should the fate of war deprive her of the only consolation left her, what might become of her, afflicts me even to think upon. The Duchefs de B***, has kindly undertaken to supply the place of parents to her ; but I think it proper to remove her, even from her protection, and am now at a loss what to do with her. Am I not taking a liberty with your ladyship in taking up your time with the misfortunes of a man, who is already so much

much indebted to your family for consolation. Pray pray pardon me, I blush for myself, and have only this excuse, that your kindness has emboldened me, and the same goodness leads me to hope for forgiveness.

I shall reach Bath as quick as my horses will allow. Being hacks they will not keep pace with my wishes; in the mean time I remain, your ladyship's most humble and devoted servant.

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

ADELA

ADELA DE MONTFORT

ROBERT DE MONTFORT.

OH, my dear brother, how shall I relate the horrid miseries that appear to the eyes of your Adela. Our friend the Duke de B***, I fear is in the hands of our savage countrymen. But, I must if possible relate things as they happened.

In my last, I mentioned that the Count had received letters by a courier from Paris; and that we were to separate the next day. The Duke for Lausanne, and the Count for Paris. Jacqueline and myself were to stay here. Whilst I was writing this information to you, the Count was making some
 necessary

necessary arrangements previous to his departure. The Duke and the Countess were walking in the wood: just after I had sent my letter off. A servant, whom I had never before observed as belonging to the house, came abruptly into my dressing room, and asked me, are you Madame de Montfort? I answered, yes; with some appearance of surprise. Then, said the man, go instantly and find the Duke de B***: he is not safe in this house half an hour longer. In less than that time a guard will arrive to conduct him back to Paris as a traitor. Fly, Madame! I did not inform the Count, as his interference might involve him. You may inform him of his danger with more safety. I thanked the fellow, and said, I would reward his fidelity, and then flew down stairs to find the Duke, which I did as he came into the house: from the extreme hurry of my spirits I fainted at his

his feet before I could give the information I intended: but the moment I recovered I informed him of his danger and begged him instantly to leave us. This he would not do except on the condition that I would accompany him; as he said, that the malice of his enemies would order me to be seized if it was found that I had been privy to his escape. I was obliged to inform the Count de Montmorin, who was greatly agitated and alarmed, and peremptorily insisted that the Duke should leave Montmorin directly. He conducted him himself to his stable, and gave him one of his best horses and a case of pistols, with which he instantly rode off, whither I know not. The Count returned to quiet the fears of the Countess and myself: but this was impossible. We saw impending danger. The Count said, that he must obey the summons that he had received,
but

but that he was apprehensive of danger. A flight being now impossible, he advised that as soon as he had departed we should with the assistance of a faithful domestic, pack up what plate and valuables we could find, and that he should in the night convey them with the Countess and myself to the convent of St. Clair, and that there we should wait his farther orders; but by no means that we should go or send to Salens. He had no sooner given these directions, than a carriage attended by a party of armed men arrived. The appearance of this party struck a terror little inferior to that of an order for instant death. The Count went to receive their message, which was, that the Convention had deputed them to seize the Duke de B***, who, they understood, was at Montmorin, and bring him to Paris. They added, menaces should he be concealed from
their

their search. The Count replied, that certainly was the Duke in his house he would instantly comply with their wishes. That he could not even inform them where they might be likely to meet him; but that he himself was at the moment of their arrival employed in dispatching letters, previous to his departure for Paris, and if they pleased he would attend them thither. In the mean time he desired that they might search his house, or the village, if they had any doubts of his veracity. This they told him they intended. And this they did most minutely whilst we sat trembling in my dressing room, which they rudely entered to look under the toilette; saying, with a sneer, ladies sometimes conceal their favourites here. On quitting the room, that said, we must not stay here; that he is not in the house, but we may overtake him as he cannot have been gone very long.

long. The Countess took courage on hearing this, and said, she hoped, as their search must be fruitless, that they would not depart without taking some refreshment.

To this request they made no reply but hastened down stairs, and immediately mounted their horses to which they put spurs, and we were informed some minutes after that they were joined by a number of horsemen at the end of the village, who had been making enquiries there whilst the others had come here.

We were informed that they passed again through the village the same evening, escorting a carriage which they guarded most carefully: so I fear that your friend has fallen into their hands, as we have had no news to inform us that he has escaped. The Count set
off

off the same evening for Paris as we did for the convent of St. Clair, where we now are in a state of great suspense. As soon as I can, I will write to relieve your mind from its anxiety. Mine is so oppressed with grief that I can only sigh myself,

Your's affectionately,

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

LADY SUSAN SPENCER

TO

THE COUNTESS OF ALDBOROUGH.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I WRITE just to inform you, that you may expect us in town on Monday evening, for we are all heartily tired of Bath,

Bath, and also to let you know that Landsford does not bring his heart home with him, he has lent it to a fable beauty, who just whisked by him in a carriage, and who may be gone on an embassy to the moon for any thing he knows to the contrary. The Count is just as he was, agreeable and sensible, and desires that I will make his compliments and say every thing that the natural elegance of my own mind suggests for him to you. Now, my dear Madam, you must conceive, what that may be, if I had time to express myself, but really I am so taken up with farewell visitors, that they only allow me to add the best wishes of Mrs. Evelyn, and then conclude,

Your's most affectionally,

SUSAN SPENCER.

LADY SABINA SOMMERVILLE

TO

LADY SUSAN SPENCER.

Somerville Lodge.

I HAVE often hinted to you both by letters, and by conversation, that I did not approve some things of an air of defiance and disdain, that appeared manifest to me in the conduct and sentiments of my dear sister, on a subject that must occupy the minds of all young persons; but, more particularly perhaps, (for we must have no reserves with one another) the minds of young females, who, from the delicacy of their sex, are induced to look not only to the society, but the protection of manly friendship: without which, as all experience has proved,

proved, the mind is apt to sink into a languor of inoccupation unknown to those who are engaged in all those tender connexions and duties, in which the very existence of society, as well as the chief grace, comfort, and dignity of life consist. Thus strain, I fear, will alarm your pride and *jealousy of those airs of superiority* as you express it, that are assumed by the men.—“Have not women reason, you say, as well as men? “If so, who made men the exclusive arbiters and conductors of all human affairs? And do not men act tyrannically and unjustly, when they force our sex by denying them civil and political rights, and treating them merely as play-things, to remain immersed in their families, and under a kind of degrading subjection?”—I am but a poor reasoner. I know that you can easily foil me in argument on any subject. I have little more to urge

than the sentiments of a female heart against that lofty way of thinking, which descended, I know, and was originally inspired by our respected grandmother; and in which, I suspect, from your frequent use of certain phrases and sentiments, you have been confirmed by Mrs. Woolstone Croft's Vindication of the Rights of Women.—What, my dear Susan, would you have us to shake off all connexion with the male creation, and to become a nation of Amazons?—No! but you insist on an equality of rights and privileges—I cannot really understand, perfectly, what you mean: for to be in all respects on a footing of equality with the men seems to me to be impossible. How can the infirmities, and tender cares to which women are doomed, by the constitution of their nature, accord with the agitation of public assemblies, the alarms and hardships of war, of navigation, of hunting, fishing,
and

and even the rougher parts of agricultural occupation? But if it be natural for men to take upon themselves the toil and danger of all those matters? Is it not also natural for them to take the entire management of them? Or would you have men alone to ply the tough oar, and the women to direct the ruling helm? It is the constant voice of nature, in all ages and nations, that domestic affairs should be managed by the women, and public concerns, as well as the more laborious departments of art, by the men.—Nor can I imagine a more agreeable order of affairs, or one more conducive to general happiness.—Who, that possesses the heart or wife, for a mother, would commit her tender province to the cares of slaves, in order to vote in the public assemblies, and carry on long and loud debates with freemen? Much more delightful the former task, and equally, if not more salutary to the public.

Mean-time a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows, and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast. *

I am persuaded that Mrs. Woolstone
 Croft would never have dreamed of writing
 such a book as that about the rights
 of women, had she been a happy wife
 and mother of children; and, if ever
 she become such, which I sincerely wish
 that she may, she will, doubtless, make
 a recantation of her errors; and fairly
 confess, that the true glory, as well as
 the most sincere happiness of a woman,

* Thomson's Seasons. — SPRING.

consists

consists in the exercise, not of the heroic, but the amiable virtues. — I certainly do not degrade our sex when I say, that there are virtues peculiarly graceful in men, and others peculiarly graceful in women : and that the merit and respect due to the former, is not greater than those due to the latter. — There is, even in the circle of duties that belong more particularly to women, room for as much fortitude as can be shewn by any statesman or hero. — There is active fortitude, and there is passive fortitude. — By meekness and long suffering patience, under domestic injury, a woman approves herself to the admiration of every true judge of merit, as much as any sufferer in the public cause : and, by the exercise of those virtues, is sure to disarm and overcome the aggressor at one period or other. — If the heart of a ruffian husband be obdurate enough to stand out against such persuasive advocates,

cates, during even the whole life of his injured associate, the hour of repentance and bitter remorse inevitably comes at last.—Nor is it uncommon to see such husbands vainly striving to quiet the tumults of conscience by the pomp of funeral obsequies, and every possible memorial in honour of innocence and virtue.—I have put the very worst case that can possibly happen to a woman of sensibility. Compared with domestic dissension and tyranny, all other evils are tolerable and light.—Thus then, it seems to me, that the women have no reason to complain of the rank and station they hold in society, since there is no condition, even the worst that can be imagined, in which they may not conduct themselves with the noblest dignity and propriety, and in which too, they are sure in the end to triumph.—Without difficulties and trials there is no room for the exercise of the sublimest virtues,

as there can be no victory where there is no enemy to combat.—Women are often called to the exercise of heroism as well as men: but whereas the heroism of a man consists in braving death and danger in the field, or in equally resisting the secret intrigues of the court, or the frantic folly of the people; so the heroism of a woman, consists in meekness and patience: Patience, as Rousseau *smile* observes, even under a husband's injustice. Such gentleness of manners is in fact the best armour in which the delicacy of the female frame can possibly be cloathed.

There should be, and, in fact, there is in all happy families there is a vibrating line of mutual concession; but, in all matters of importance, the direction naturally falls to the share of the master of the family. I think a good reasoner might bring the question, agitated by Mrs.

Woolstone Croft, to a very short issue, by a plain and simple observation. If it had not been the order of Nature, and the decrees of Providence, that one of the parties should give way, and be led by the other, men and women would not have been destined to live in couples or pairs, as they most undoubtedly are : for were a perfect, rigorous, and unaccommodating equality to be insisted on by the Lady, on every difference of opinion, domestic life would be one continued scene of discord ; nay, the common affairs of life would fall into the utmost disorder, and even stagnation.

Do not suppose, my dear, after all this, that I am for giving up a jot of the real interests of womankind. I have a true female heart : a mind true to the cause of women. — I would even be for grasping the whole of all power, in all matters that concern us, and in which

we may be supposed to be proper judges; not by contending with the men for rights, but by forcing them to esteem, and engaging them to love us. Engage their affections, and you are mistress of all. — I think the natural condition of women, in civilized and refined life is rather to be envied than pitied. They are committed by Providence to the care of fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, and other relatives. In domestic life, a virtuous and amiable woman has, in general (whatever particular exceptions there may be) her full share, and often more than an equal share of sway: in politics too, it is well known, that women have power without the formality of constitutional votes. — But I really think for my own part, that it is another kind of ambition, than an ambition to shine in either politics or war, that best befits the female character.

I have run on, I find, on looking back, at an amazing rate: but this is a subject that is a most important one to my sister; nor have I yet said all that I wish to say upon it.—In the mean time I must grant you a truce; for I fear I have already written a longer epistle than you will have patience to read.

SABINA SOMERVILLE.

FROM THE SAME,

TO

THE SAME.

I DID not intend, my dear Susan, to have troubled you so soon with what I am sure you will call another sermon:

but

but an anecdote I have just heard of you since your late arrival in London, constrains me to remonstrate with you on that unfortunate singularity in your way of thinking, respecting the female situation in society, which was the subject of my last letter. — Your eccentric ramble, shall I call it, or visit, or expedition, to the gallery of the House of Commons, in order to hear the debates on his Majesty's Speech, to both Houses of Parliament, was not managed with so much secrecy, but that it was well enough known who the young officer was in green and gold lace, that sat in the side bench of the gallery, or what they call treasury side of the house*. That you may not be too much alarmed

* There is a standing order of the House of Commons, against the admission of women, as visitors: such spirited ladies therefore as have a mind to gratify their curiosity, are obliged to go (like Lady Wallace) disguised in men's apparel.

at

at the discovery, I will tell you, that it was honest Mr. Barry, our clergyman, who saw you as you brushed by him in the crowd to the place where you sat during the whole of the debates, till two o'clock in the morning; and that I am the only person to whom he told, or will ever tell this secret.—What a subject of merriment would you have afforded had it been found out by almost any other person in the whole circle of our acquaintance? I yet hope, my dear sister, that, on mature reflection, you will be sensible, that in modern Europe, and particularly in this Island, the women are in as happy and eligible a situation as the men. They enjoy, what most women would wish to enjoy, that kind of happiness which consists in regularity of life, and abstraction from the bustle of the world. They want not subjects, in abundance, of attention, nor fit objects of hope and affection. They are not
pre-

precluded from any pursuit that suits their nature, and their talents: nor yet from the exercise of any virtue.—I may, perhaps, be accused of inclining to an extreme, contrary to that into which you run, when I confess, I do not disapprove of that delicate seclusion of women of rank from promiscuous society, that has at all times prevailed in Asia. Their confinement is far from being rigorous, as is commonly supposed. They visit, and receive the visits of their neighbours of their own sex, and those of their nearest male relations. Domestic concerns, and the education of their children, afford employment to their mind. Dr. Ruffel, in his history of Aleppo, has convinced me, that there is not, on earth, a more respectable character than a Turkish matron, presiding with propriety over the HARAM*.

* The quarter of the house or palace appropriated to the use of the women, and the children.

I may here take occasion to observe, that our sacred scriptures, as well as the Koran, clearly shew what is the natural condition of women in society. You talk, I know, of men SUBJUGATING women. Why may we not as well say, that women subjugate men, when they subdue them by their graces, as induce them voluntarily to fight all their battles; and, for their convenience and comfort, to bear the inclemency of the seasons, and undergo all the harder toils of life? As to political rights, the rights of women are maintained by parents, brothers, husbands, and other relatives, in whom they take an interest and a pride. I remain,

Always your affectionate sister,

SABINA SOMMERVILLE.

ADELA DE MONTEFORT,

ROBERT DE MONTFORT,

The Convent of St. Clair.

I WRITE again, though it be to add to your sorrow, as suspense is dreadful almost as much so as certainty.

Yesterday morning one of the Count's domestics came for orders to the Countess, and at the same time brought us the news, that it was the Duke de B*** who was brought back in the carriage, and escorted to Paris. What horrid ideas does this dreadful confirmation present? The Duke is of the noblesse, and wants not any other accusation to destroy

destroy him. Perhaps, at this moment, my brother — I cannot write what my imagination paints as possible.

What will the Duchefs suffer ; I fear that ſhe will accuſe me of ingratitude, in not writing to her, but what can I do? My fatal viſit to Montmorin, may involve that family in miſery, and alſo the one I hold deareſt on earth, next to my own, that of de B. to which we have ſuch numberleſs obligations. Indeed, I hardly knew what to write. The Count ordered both Jacqueline and myſelf not to write a line to any one before we heard from him : he has been gone three days, and this evening we expect to ſee or hear from him. Jacqueline is as impatient as myſelf. In ſhort, we are almoſt diſtracted, and were it not for the kind attentions of Madame Adelaide, and ſome of the ſiſterhood, with whom we were formerly in habits of friend-

friendship, I know not what would become of us. I am at a loss to conjecture, why the Count de Montmorin forbade the Countess to write to Salens, as that I should have thought would have been the best place for her to have removed to. We brought with us hither all the family plate, jewels and writings on the night in which we removed from Montmorin: a night I shall never forget. My poor friend the Countess shed abundance of tears, whilst I could not get such relief. Terror had taken such possession of my mind, that I was unable to speak: every sound startled me, nor did I recover myself until I had been in the convent some hours. Even here we are not safe, should any ill befall the Count, which heaven forbid. Our good Superior tells us, that she is in hourly apprehension of an order from Paris for the suppression of their order: what shall we do?

Before

Before I can hear from you we may be obliged to fly from this asylum, but whither I know not. It is impossible for me to go to the Duchess de B***, and leave the Countess before the Count returns. When he returns I shall dread to hear the fate of the Duke, who is almost always present to my imagination. We have lived so long in habits of intimacy, that I think him a second brother. Depend on hearing from me as soon as I can ; till then

I remain your affectionate sister,

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

THE

THE COUNT DE MONTMORIN,

TO

THE COUNTESS DE MONTMORIN.

FLY, my Jacqueline, and that instantly, with your friend Adela, to Italy or to England. My enemies, I fear, will prevail. If not, you may hear again from your distracted husband,

MONTMORIN.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

SOON after writing my last letter, a man came to the convent, asked for the Countess, and delivered into her hand

hand the short note (a copy of which is inclosed) and without staying till she had read it, departed. We were all so struck with the contents, that no one heeded where the messenger went, until I wanted to question him as to the fate of the Duke. On enquiry, I found that the messenger took horse immediately on quitting us, and took the road to Paris. What can the Count mean by ordering us to fly? Or, by saying his enemies would prevail. There have been seen armed men in the village this morning, who enquired for Montmorin, and perhaps are gone thither. Madame Adelaide advises us to go for England, as the way into Italy is more distant, and we may be met by the troops of France, which are pouring into that quarter. We are neither of us able to determine. What can they expect from two poor defenceless women, monsters as they are! I was born to be miserable,
and

and to render those who are dear to me equally so. Where I shall date my next from, Providence must determine for me. Quit this house we must this evening, or perhaps at midnight, whilst the murderer sleeps. I begin to think that Monsieur St. Prieux is involved also in misery, and that the Count wishes to conceal this from his wife. It must be so, or he would have desired her to take the advice of her parent how to act. Adieu, my brother.

ADELA DE MONTFORT.

END OF VOL. I.

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Just this hour we must this evening,
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END OF VOL. I.



